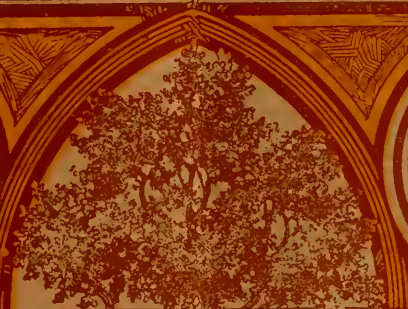


Improvement Era

Vol. XXII

APRIL, 1919

No. 6



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WATERFALLS OF YOSEMITE VALLEY

To rightly describe the Yosemite Valley one should speak in words at once strong and simple, should be able to put with his lines something of "solemn tenor and deep organ tones." And yet there is that which is so sublime in the stupendous architecture that it brings to silence at last all that one might say from unbridled admiration at its beauty and grandeur. The wonder of Yosemite Valley lies in its perfect blending of the entrancing with the awe-inspiring elements of landscape. It uplifts the soul in imagination, and yet is restful to heart and brain. Over its granite walls—in some places smooth, perpendicular, unbroken, at others squared into turrets or rounded into massive domes—come pouring its wondrous waterfalls. The Yosemite Fall leaps from the cliff top to plunge into the valley, a distance of one thousand six hundred feet. It is the highest waterfall of the world.

A. L.

See article, p. 495.



GREAT FALLS OF THE YOSEMITE

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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Progression and Retrogression

Culture and Ignorance Have Run in Parallel Directions at the Same Time

By Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve

We have been informed that "history is the narrative of what civilized man has done," and that it "cannot go back of written records." Some writers on ancient history say that "pre-historic man" dwelt in caves, under overhanging cliffs, and in other places of shelter which nature could afford as protection from wind, rain, and the ravages of wild animals stronger than man. His weapon was a branch of a tree which served as a club or spear. His club was oftentimes reinforced by a stone or tusk. Later he learned to use hard stone or flint, which could be chipped or sharpened by friction and fastened to his club with thongs from the skins of animals. This was in the age of stone before he discovered metals.

This poor savage, these same writers are careful to instruct us, lived several hundred thousand years ago. Just how long ago they do not know; but a slight matter of two or three hundred thousand years makes such a little difference anyway! He had no written language and the words he used were limited to a few monosyllables or grunts. In course of time, along with other attainments which came gradually, he learned to communicate with his fellows by means of a few crude signs and drawings cut in clay or soft stone. This was the beginning of communication by writing. As time passed, his means of expression were improved, and signs were made to represent "sounds of the human voice." The dawn of history, so these theorists say, came when the writers learned to make their records permanent by baking their tablets made of clay, or carving their thoughts in stone. These great changes did not come in a

day, but "after many millenniums" of progress, through the "stone age," which was followed by the "age of metals," which is of comparative recent time. Gradually man progressed, increasing in knowledge and power until he reached the wonderful state of intelligence which he possesses today.

This is a very pretty story with just one defect—it is not true! Yet, such is the information our children are taught in our schools. I shall be bold enough to say that such theories should have no place in our schools in the manner in which they now appear. That I may not be misunderstood, let me say that I do believe that there has been a "stone age," a "copper age," and development and increase of knowledge through the centuries. I do not, however, accept the statement that the first man evolved from lower forms of life, and roamed over the earth hundreds of thousands of years ago as a savage, uncultured, ignorant, and with no spoken or written language. I know better than that, for the Lord has declared otherwise.

The first man placed upon this earth was an intelligent being, created in the image of God, possessed of wisdom and knowledge, with power to communicate his thoughts in a language, both oral and written, which was superior to anything to be found on the earth today. This may sound very sweeping and dogmatic to those who hold to the other view, but it is not any more so than their statements to the contrary. Moreover, I do not say it of myself, but merely repeat what the Lord has said; and surely the Creator, above all others, ought to know! The first man was instructed by the best Teacher man ever had, for he was taught of God, and spoke the language of the Most High, in which angels conversed. This language he taught to his children. It is true that he was left to work out, through the use of his faculties, many of nature's great secrets; but the Lord did not leave him helpless, but instructed him, and he was inspired by the Spirit of the Lord.

I am just simple enough to accept what the Lord has revealed to his servants, in preference to the theories of uninspired men, who in our great age of wonderful discovery, are ever learning, but never coming to a knowledge of the truth that saves. They rely on their own judgment, and are oftentimes mistaken in their theories and led astray, being forced from time to time to modify, change, and even reverse their teachings, as new discoveries are made.

In the Pearl of Great Price—which every Latter-day Saint accepts as the word of the Lord—the following very significant statement is found:

And then began these men to call upon the name of the Lord, and the Lord blessed them;

And a book of remembrance was kept, in the which was recorded, in

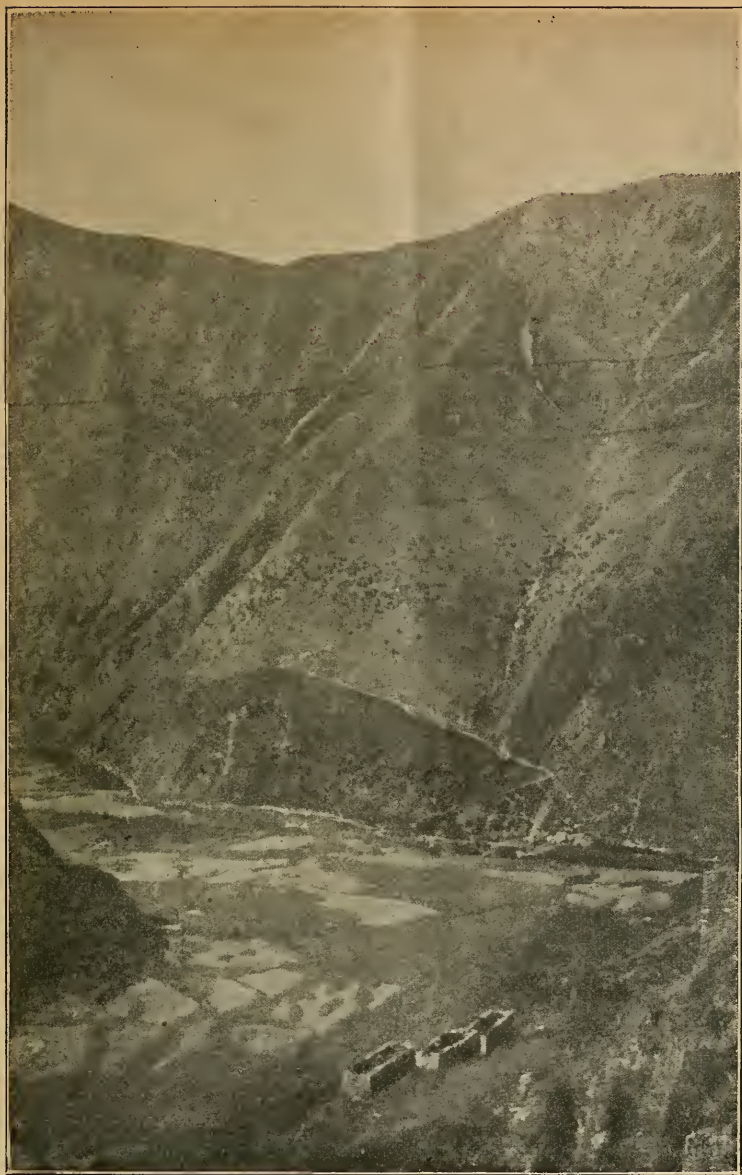


Photo by O. F. Cook, in *National Geographical Magazine*, May, 1916.

THE COURSE OF AN ANCIENT AQUEDUCT

"The indistinct dark line that crosses the high slope, shown about two inches below the top of the photograph, represents the course of an ancient aqueduct carried for many miles along a mountain wall hundreds of feet above the valley. In the foreground, near the ruined town of Pumamarca, is a group of Inca storehouses. The stream in the bottom of the valley is carried in a straight course along the farther side of the valley bottom. Note canals cutting across mountains."

the language of Adam, for it was given unto as many as called upon God to write by the spirit of inspiration;

And by them their children were taught to read and write, having a language which was pure and undefiled.—Moses 6:4-6.

It was not until after man rebelled and rejected the word of God that he fell into mental degeneracy, and lost the power to converse in written language. Man was intelligent in the beginning, and understood many fundamental truths, but when he refused to receive divine guidance, the Spirit of the Lord withdrew, and then he was left alone and became a savage, for the light in him was turned to darkness. Tubal-Cain was "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," long before the flood. Yet, as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, when Speke, Grant, Livingstone, and others, explored the wilds of Africa they found the descendants of Cain living in savagery in the depths of the "stone age." Columbus, in 1492, found the "stone age" flourishing in all its glory here in America. Likewise our Utah pioneers, in 1847, discovered similar conditions in the valleys of these mountains.

Shall we argue from this that the poor, benighted savage of Africa, and the equally uncultured Indian of America, were slower in their development than the people in Europe and Asia? If we do, our conclusion will be hastily reached, without an investigation of all the facts to be considered. The "stone age," the "copper age," the "age of iron," and the age of culture and refinement, run in parallel directions at one and the same time, but the age of knowledge and inspiration preceded all.

Nations have risen to great power and dominion, only to fall into decay and be superseded by other nations. So it has been from the beginning. Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece and Rome, each had their day of greatness, culture and might, but their glory has departed forever. In some respects, also, much of their culture and knowledge of the arts and sciences perished with them, and cannot be duplicated in this great age of wonderful advancement. All this reminds us of the words of Byron; so aptly expressed:

There is the Moral of all human tales;
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past.
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
 Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last.
 And History, with all her volumes vast,
 Hath but one page.

Here in America, thousands of years ago, there flourished a civilization equal, if not superior, to that which could be found in Egypt or Asia at that time. These ancient people developed the arts and were especially skilled in agriculture to a marked degree. We read that they were, at one period in their history:



Photo by Hiram Bingham, in *National Geographical Magazine*, May, 1916.

ONE OF THE HIGHEST AGRICULTURAL CANALS IN THE WORLD

"The rich bottom lands of this elevated valley were desired by the Incas for growing potatoes. Accordingly, the meandering stream was straightened and enclosed so as to prevent it from occupying any more land than was absolutely necessary. It is in the upper valley of the Pampacahuana, a tributary of the Urubamba, and is at an elevation of 12,800 feet. Potatoes are still raised on the slopes of this valley at an elevation of slightly more than 13,000 feet."

Exceeding industrious, and they did buy and sell, and traffic one with another, that they might get gain.

And they did work in all manner of ore, and they did make gold, and silver, and iron, and brass, and all manner of metals; and they did dig it out of the earth; wherefore they did cast up mighty heaps of earth to get ore, of gold, and of silver, and of iron, and of copper. And they did work all manner of fine work.

And they did have silks, and fine twined linen; and they did work all manner of cloth, that they might clothe themselves from their nakedness.

And they did make all manner of tools to till the earth, both to plow and to sow, to reap and to hoe, and also to thrash.

And they did make all manner of tools with which they did work their beasts.

And they did make all manner of weapons of war. And they did work all manner of work of exceeding curious workmanship.

And never could be a people more blessed than were they, and more prospered by the hand of the Lord. And they were in a land that was choice above all lands, for the Lord had spoken it.—Ether 10:22-28.

Nevertheless this people forsook the Lord. They turned from the covenants they had made with him. Contentions arose, bloody conflicts followed, until they were entirely destroyed. There are in parts of the United States and in other places on this continent some mute evidences of their former glory. In Michigan the ruins of ancient copper mines have been found.*

Likewise in other localities there are indications that ore has been extracted from the earth, great heaps have been thrown up that still remain. Was it not done by these ancient people as indicated in this passage quoted?

Six hundred years before the birth of Christ another civilization supplanted that previously mentioned which was destroyed about that time. This second civilization flourished about one thousand years. The people multiplied and spread over the face of the entire continent. They were highly cultured, and when they hearkened to the voice of their prophets and kept the commandments of the Lord, they prospered and, like the nation which preceded them, they became skilled in the weaving of all manner of fine linen and other cloth. They tilled the soil and delved into the earth, having also among them many "curious workmen, who did work all kinds of ore, and did re-

*"When we consider the extreme extent of country traced to obtain mica and copper, added to the earthworks of Ohio, and other states, and when we remember how extensively these mining operations were carried on, the Mound Builders must appear to us to have been a great and mighty nation.
* * * *

"An industrious people, well settled and extensively engaged in mining operations and various other mechanical pursuits, must have been well skilled and far from a state of barbarism. * * * It is evident that the Mound Builders were somewhat advanced in the arts and sciences, and occupied no mean position in life. For their time and surroundings, they had made great strides towards a permanent civilization, and must be ranked as one of the great people of ancient times."—J. P. MacLean, *The Mound Builders*, pp. 88, 89.

fine it; and thus they did become rich" (Helaman 6:11). But, like their predecessors, they forgot the Lord; his Spirit was withdrawn, and the greater part of the people was destroyed. Their civilization perished. Those who remained became ferocious and blood-thirsty. In their decadence they lost their knowledge of agriculture, and the working of the metals, and became more or less nomadic tribes. Their descendants, the American Indians, were wandering in all their wild savagery when the Pilgrim Fathers made permanent settlement in this land.

Recent exploring parties have made wonderful discoveries in various parts of Central and South America. The ruins of great cities of a former civilization have been uncovered such as Chichen Itza in Yucatan, and Sacsahuaman and Machu Picchu, in Peru. These ancient builders were a megalithic race. Their great cities were built of stones, some of which weighed from five to fifteen tons or more. So closely and so skilfully have these stones in their houses and monuments been placed together that even now it is difficult to penetrate between the joints with a knife. Mr. Hiram Bingham, director of the Geographical Society and Yale University Expedition, in 1915, has said: "They thought nothing of handling blocks of stone weighing five tons and upwards. Indeed, there are numerous stones that weigh over fifteen tons which fitted together with a skill that has amazed all beholders" (*National Geographical Magazine*, May, 1916, p. 459).

Again he writes: "It is remarkable, indeed, that a people who succeeded in equaling the ancient Egyptians in architecture, engineering, pottery, and textiles, should have fallen so far behind in the development of a written language.* This is the most serious obstacle that stands in the way of our learning more of that enterprising race" (*National Geographical Magazine*, May, 1916, p. 463).

This ancient race built canals, said by the Spanish conquerors to be 55 and 120 leagues in length. Some of these canals are in use today. They were skilled in the use of cement and built long roads through the Andes, which have become harder with the passing of time. To do this great work they, of necessity, had skilled engineers with wonderful mathematical knowledge. Their aqueducts, according to our modern explorers, are "unequalled in any other part of the world."

*Strange as the fact may appear that this race of Peruvians had no written language, yet still stranger does the fact appear when we know that their ancestors were a record-keeping people, and that they were also in possession of the ancient Hebrew scriptures which they carried with them from the old world when they came to this land, choice above all other lands on the face of the earth. This is a case of retrogression, not advancement.—*J. F. S.*

They built terraces, or hanging gardens, that were so wonderful that by comparison those of Babylon were insignificant. Of these terraces, Mr. O. F. Cook, botanist of the expedition previously mentioned, has this to say:

The hanging gardens of Babylon have long been reckoned as one of the wonders of the Oriental world; and yet they were a mere transient toy and for 3,000 years have been only a tradition. The hanging gardens of Peru, though of unknown antiquity, are still in existence, and doubtless as worthy of our admiration as were those of Babylon in the days of Herodotus and Strabo.

The Babylonian gardens are said to have been 400 feet square and as high as the walls of the city, variously stated as from 75 to 300 feet. The structure had the form of a pyramid, with broad steps, on which earth was placed for the growth of plants. No doubt such an artificial hill was a striking object in the plain of Babylon, and gave Nebuchadnezzar's Median queen a pleasant reminder of her mountain home, where, it may be, there were valleys with terraced slopes as in Peru.

Many banks of terraces in Peru are very much longer and very much higher than the Babylonian wonder. A bank of 50 terraces 10 feet high means a vertical height of 500 feet. Many slopes have more than 50 terraces, forming huge staircases as high as the Washington monument, resting against the lower slopes of mountains that tower for thousands of feet above. It is only by taking the ancient works out of their natural setting that we can appreciate their gigantic proportions.—*National Geographical Magazine*, May, 1916, pp. 476-493.

In spite of the wonderful engineering skill of these ancient inhabitants, their remarkable carvings in stone, building of cities, canals and roads, together with the fact that in agricultural knowledge they were in advance of the world,* our modern scientists would have us believe that they "had no better tools than stone hammers and fiber ropes, and understood no more advanced mechanical principles than the level and the inclined plane." Such a thought, of course, we are not forced to believe. The Peruvians of the days of the Spanish conquest, like the Mexicans of the same period, were but the blighted remnant of the greater civilization which flourished on this continent from 600 B. C. until 400 A. D. While the civilization of these two countries, Mexico and Peru, were far in advance of anything else on the American continent at the time of the discovery, it was not the rising, but the setting of the sun. The glory, power and dominion which had flourished, were departed. There was a time when those people hearkened to the Lord and

*"Even irrigation agriculture appears to us as a new and very specialized branch of the art, and we think ourselves very enterprising to have undertaken the reclamation of our so-called "deserts" in the Western states, where wide expanses of nearly level and very fertile soil have been made richly productive simply by being supplied with water. The native agriculture of Peru reached the stage of reclamation projects long before America was discovered by Europeans. *Our undertakings sink into insignificance in the face of what this 'vanished' race accomplished.*"—O. F. Cook, in *National Geographical Magazine*, May, 1916, pp. 475, 476.

worshipped our Savior Jesus Christ, then they were led by inspiration and were filled with light. But when they transgressed against that light and sought ways of darkness, all inspiration was withdrawn, just as it had been from other nations which became corrupt and filled with all manner of abomination. Their day came to a close. When America was discovered intellectual night prevailed through all the land. The people were wandering aimlessly, groping in the darkness of ignorance which they brought upon themselves because they had sinned most grievously against the truth of the everlasting gospel which, centuries before, had been declared to them. The Lord in his tender mercy has promised that the full radiance of the noon-day

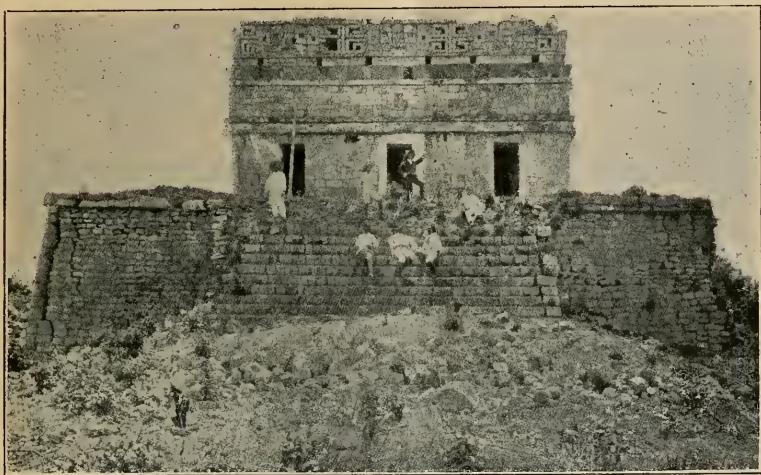


Photo by Edward H. Thompson, in *National Geographical Magazine*, June, 1914.

THE PRISON, OR CHICHEN CHOB

Said to be the most perfect existing unit of ancient Maya architecture.

sun shall again shine upon these benighted peoples, when they have been sufficiently chastized and are ready to return unto him.

In concluding these scattered thoughts, let me say that the fact that there has been a "stone age," a "copper age," or any other age or degree of development in the civilization of the world, does not prove that there has been a constant and steady advancement in knowledge and skill from the beginning, whenever that may have been. The evidence in history is abundant to show sufficient proof that even where enlightenment has prevailed and men have refused to continue in the light, degenerating influences have set in, and the age of brass, copper, or stone, are just as likely to follow the age of progress and development as to precede it.

A League of Nations to Enforce Peace*

By Hon. B. H. Roberts

"And he [Jehovah] shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Such the vision of the Hebrew prophets, Isaiah and Micah, more than two thousand six hundred years ago.

A New Testament prophet in his vision of things yet to come, heard great voices in heaven saying—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

A modern poet, which is only another name for a prophet, eighty years ago, sang of a time to come when the war drums would throb no longer, and the battle flags would be furled—

"In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a restless realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

This predicted age of universal peace—this golden age of humanity, when every man shall sit "under his vine and under his fig tree," and none shall make him afraid—"for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it"—has been the dream of the poets and prophets and statesmen through the ages. Is it to be realized? Is it possible? Has the time come for the organization of those forces that shall make these dreams realities in human experience? Is the practical inauguration and maintenance of this world's hope to be the high privilege of the men of our generation? Or is it never to be realized?

Relative to the first inquiries, are these dreams of a golden

*A Mountain Congress for a League of Nations to promote the cause of a League of Nations was held in Salt Lake City, Feb. 21-22, 1919. It comprised the states of Utah, Wyoming and Southern Idaho. The Congress was held under the auspices of the National League to Enforce Peace, of which former President William Howard Taft is the President. The National Congress was held in nine sections in different parts of the United States from Feb. 5 to March 1. At the Mountain Congress a number of prominent speakers local and national delivered addresses; among them, Hon. Henry Van Dyke, formerly Minister to the Netherlands, and Hon. William Howard Taft, former president of the United States. Both delivered addresses to large congregations in the great Tabernacle. Among the prominent local men who spoke on Washington's birthday, was Hon. B. H. Roberts who delivered this forceful and striking address at one of the meetings.—*Editors.*

age of peace to be realized, and is such a thing possible? I answer for myself, yes! Most emphatically, yes! And first and chiefly, because God has decreed that it shall come to pass, and who can disannul his word or stay his hand? And secondly, I answer, for myself, yes, as to its possibility, because it has become recognized as a world's need by enlightened minds in all nations; and that recognition gives assurance of its achievement.

As to the second inquiries, is the time now, and is it to be the high privilege of the men of this generation to inaugurate the means which shall establish and maintain through its infancy this universal peace age?—I answer, again for myself, yes, most emphatically, yes! God's hour has struck! Man's opportunity has come. The next step in the world's progress is to organize a League of Nations for the maintenance of the world's peace; for on this depends the world's progress. There can be no world-progress without the peace of the world being assured. War can only be regarded as a means of progress in so far as by contrast it makes apparent the world's need of assured peace; as it clears the way for peace. No war was ever justifiable only as it aimed at the establishment of justice, whence would come peace. War in itself is destructive of progress. War's other name is Waste. It destroys the accumulated treasures massed by progress, of which we have ample proof in the present World's War. Peace is the Mother of abundance, the Nurse of science and of arts, and furnishes the necessary plane for progress. Well has the prophet written of wisdom that "*all her paths are paths of peace.*"

I speak confidently of seeing founded in our day the means by which a universal and lasting peace shall be secured, notwithstanding the world has so frequently been disappointed in the projected measures for founding it. And never was the world more bitterly disappointed than in the peace efforts through the century preceding the outbreak of the present World War. These worthy efforts to secure a settlement of international disputes by other means than war, ranged from such efforts as followed the American-British War of 1812-14, which led to the forming of the New York Peace Society of 1815, to the founding of the permanent Court of Arbitration, at the Hague, in 1899, and the opening of that court at the "Palace of Peace," in 1913; yet all these efforts, which at times promised so much, were followed by the outbreak of the most stupendous and destructive war of all time—the present World War. Men, however, will refuse to be discouraged by these failures. *And were they failures?* Were they not rather stepping stones, these pre-World-War efforts, leading to that success in organizing the proposed international machinery for the maintenance of the world's peace, towards which the world now seems to be moving?

The World War which has ranged now through more than four

troubled years, has taught the world, as it never before was taught, the need of some means of settling international disputes other than by the gauge of battle; and the need of some other security for human freedom than the dreadful arbitrament of war with its attendant uncertainties. The darkest hour is just before the dawn. When things are at their worst they sometimes, and generally do, mend. The felt need of God by man, is the first step towards man's finding Him. The consciousness of faults must precede reformation. And since this World War has taught us our national and international weaknesses and delinquencies and the inadequacy of all other means of attaining desired world peace and security of justice, it brings within the range of practicability the adoption of a League of Nations for the Enforcement of Peace.

The signs in the sky of events, are propitious for the launching of this new world force dedicated to justice and freedom: First there is the world consciousness of the necessity for it; second, there is the agreement of all the allied nations now at the international council table at Paris, pledged to the adoption and maintenance of it; and five of them, the United States of America, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan are of such preponderating military and naval power, and all material and moral resources, that, united, they can maintain such a league against the world.

Another hopeful sign for the success of the League of Nations to Enforce Peace is that those who have in hand the draughting of its provisions are not deceiving themselves with the notion that they can settle every detail of the whole plan of it at the present session of the World's Peace Council. Profiting by the experience of many nations, in the matter of constitution-making, they are laying down in broad outline the general principles by which the league shall be guided, and providing the simplest machinery for making those principles effective in application. President Wilson, who has said so many apt and convincing things respecting the League of Nations, recently said, at the International Peace Table, that the conference might not "be able to set up a permanent decision," but that it could "set up permanent processes." This in effect disclaims the idea that the conference will attempt to evolve from its deliberations some cast-iron constitution that like the laws of the Medes and Persians shall admit of no subtraction or addition to its terms. Wisest statesmen have long since recognized the truism that constitutions are not made, but that they grow. The recognition of this principle by those now formulating a League of Nations to Enforce Peace, is one of the most hopeful signs of success for the evolving plan. By reason of adopting this attitude, something is left to be developed by practical experience in the

working out of the scheme. President Wilson's idea that the purpose of the League will be to establish permanent processes rather than to set up a permanent decision, gives us "a judicial, accessible, and permanent court of appeal," in the matter of international disputes, with opportunity, both as to the structure of the league and its processes, for such modifications of them as shall conform it to the constantly changing needs of the nations and peoples who will come under its jurisdiction. The adoption of this principle assures us that while it may be true that the leading statesmen, now assembled in Paris working out the first draught of this-to-be World Constitution, are largely idealists, they are at the same time practical idealists, engaged in an effort to establish such a plan of international world government as shall "lift," to quote President Wilson again, "a great part of the load of anxiety from the hearts of men everywhere."

I like the title under which this Congress is convened—a congress that is considering the founding of a "League of Nations to Enforce Peace." You notice I emphasize the phrase "*to Enforce Peace*." I do so for the reason that "force" will be a necessary element in the new scheme for establishing peace. "Laws are mere nullities without the necessary force to make them respected," said Napoleon. World experience proves it true, and "force" means armies and navies, and armies and navies mean coercion in the last analysis of things. In this new international constitution, now in process of development, some means of coercing parties to the world federation into compliance with its decisions must be established; and perhaps this will be the most difficult part of the machinery to devise, as it will also be the most difficult part of the scheme to administer, since it will call for the surrender of some part of that sovereignty which nations hold so dear, and is considered so essential to their dignity and freedom of action as self-determining political entities, and of national existence the very essence. Let there be no shirking in respect of facing the facts here, however. This surrender of some portion of the sovereign power of the respective nations entering the League will be essential to the successful working of the new world power. It will not do to repeat the blunders of past ages in founding federations of states, *viz.*, grant to what in effect will be the federal state of the world—the proposed League of Nations—power to make decrees, to formulate decisions, but withhold from it the machinery, and the force necessary to make its decrees and decisions effective. The defect of federated states previous to the establishment of the United States of America under the constitution of 1789, consisted in just that. Those federations left to the good faith of the respective states of the federation, the execution of the laws and decrees enacted by the

central power. And inasmuch as the good faith of the respective states of the federation was not equal, the federal laws were not uniformly executed, nor the burdens of the central government equally borne, nor was it respected.

This was particularly the case of the American Government under the Articles of Federation, 1777 to 1789. These articles gave no real power to the Federal Congress—the Central Government. It could neither levy taxes nor demand soldiers. “It could only *ask* the states for men and money,” says one authority on the subject, “and wait until they were ready to give them. It could make treaties, but could not enforce them; could borrow money, but could not repay it; could make war, but could not enlist a soldier. In short, it could recommend, but had to depend upon the states to act.”

It was these defects that tended, in the minds of some thoughtful men of the period, to bring the federative principle into disrepute, and write down government by the federation of free states as an experiment that would fail. That, however, was not the view of the American people. They felt, though perhaps they but dimly understood, the cause of the threatened breakdown of their federal system. A convention was called and authorized to amend the articles of confederation; but no sooner did the convention meet than it discovered the utter impracticability of amending the old Articles of Confederation, and proceeded to draw up a new constitution having for its purpose the forming of a more perfect union, the establishment of justice, insuring of domestic tranquility, providing for the common defense, promoting the general welfare, and securing the blessings of liberty to themselves and to their posterity.

The outcome of their labors was the present Constitution of the United States, of which William E. Gladstone, the noted British statesman, once said, that it was “*the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.*” Under it the United States has lived and prospered now for one hundred and twenty years. The number of states has increased from thirteen to forty-eight; the population has increased from less than four millions to more than one hundred and ten millions; and though the country has thus greatly extended its area, and multiplied its population, the government founded under the Constitution has been adequate to all the changing conditions that have arisen, and it has stood the test of both foreign and domestic wars; until now the nation that was met with derision a little more than a century ago, and regarded as “a precarious experiment in government,” is today the most stable government on earth, and conceded to be the foremost nation of the world.

The changes in the American Government wrought by the

adoption of the Constitution of 1789, which made all the progress and prosperity just noted possible, consisted mainly in creating an executive and a judicial branch in the federal government, as well as a legislative branch, and granting to the Federal Government the right to execute by its own powers and machinery—within the limits prescribed by the Constitution,—the laws it enacted and this by acting directly upon the individuals within the states or upon the states themselves. This was the national element in the new scheme. This is the unique principle praised by the French philosopher De Tocqueville, as “a great discovery in modern political science,” adding that the “new word which ought to express this novel thing does not yet exist.”

We may not hope to see the League of Nations take on the character of our American Government and become a perfect federated union of states. But the statesmen now gathered at Paris formulating the World's League of Nations to Enforce Peace, may see in our federal system the principles essential to the success of the League they would found, and see in our experience the vindication of the wisdom of that system. Of one thing I am confident, and that is that if success shall attend upon this new venture of the nations of the earth to escape the recurring horrors of international war, it will be by the adoption of so much at least of the American principle of federation as will confer upon the League the necessary power and give to it the executive machinery, and make available to it the necessary force to execute its own decrees. And if, as I believe will be the case, the proposed League shall effectively guarantee the peace of the world, and lift the dread and the burden of war from the hearts of men, and at the same time secure justice in the polity of nations in their international relationships—will not those achievements more than compensate for the surrender of so much of national sovereignty as may be necessary to secure this boon to the world?

My own faith waxes stronger in confidence as I contemplate this theme and its possibilities for good. Within the time period that has witnessed the founding and the vindication of our own system of government, there has been such a wonderful acquiescence in republican principles—such a triumphant march of democracy through the world, that I cannot doubt but there will be an adoption of those democratic principles and an application of them under machinery that will make them effective, in the affairs of the world, through the proposed League of Nations. At the birth of our own nation, 1776, the only other republics existing—and these not comparable with the American Republic—were the Netherlands and Switzerland; and the two cities, Venice and Genoa. All the rest of the world could be colored black

to represent the autocratic forms of government then existing; but today, if the world were colored to represent democracies versus autocratic forms of government, about the only part remaining solidly black would be the territory of Germany and her allies in the recent war, while the rest of the world would be colored wholly white for democracies, or lightly shaded as representing constitutional monarchies into which largely enters democratic principles and administration—so rapidly are the principles of democracy becoming recognized as the only true principles of human government.

The prayer of Washington—Washington! Let us pause here to remember that this day, 22d February, 1919, is the 187th anniversary of his birth which we celebrate today! Let us recall the words of Lighthorse Harry Lee in which he characterized Washington as, 'First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!' And also, let us ask in the words of Byron:

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dares not hate
Bequeath the name of Washington—
To make men blush, there was but one!"

And now to resume—the prayer of Washington, in his Farewell Address to the American people, is being realized in this so universal adoption of those principles on which our government is founded. That first of great American statesmen prayed that the Union and brotherly affection of the American people might be perpetual; that the free Constitution, which was the work of their hands, might be sacredly maintained:

"That its administration, in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, *and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.*"

Thus Washington contemplated and prayed for the universal triumph of democratic government in the world, not by conquest of arms, but the peaceful force of successful example—the demonstrated success of the system. What a complete triumph of his hope a League of Nations for the Enforcement of Peace would be, dedicated as the League would be to the maintenance of the freedom of all nations, on the basis of justice, and the principle that all men have an inalienable right to be free, and that all governments derive their just powers from the consent

of the governed! Grant, Almighty God, that it may become a realized experience among men!

Gentlemen, of the Congress, and you especially who have come to represent to us this League of Nations for the Enforcement of Peace, and ask us to support the President of the Republic in his efforts to found it: I can speak to you in no official capacity for the people of the State of Utah, I am called from the ranks of the common people to say the few words I have submitted here; but, gentlemen, I think I can assure you in all confidence that the State of Utah can be relied upon to stand for this League of Nations.

It is the final thing needful for the complete triumph of democracy in this world.

It is the keystone to the arch of justice which humanity has been so laboriously building through the ages.

It is the only way to make effective for the good of the world the great allied victory just achieved.

It is to be the guarantee that free governments shall not perish from the earth.

It is necessary to the security of civilization itself.

It is the monument to which all who have paid the full measure of sacrifice in this most terrible of wars have contributed their lives.

If we fail to found this League, we shall not be true to those who have fallen "on Flanders fields," and elsewhere.

If we fail to erect it, we shall not be true to the mission of our own country in entering this world upheaval of war; for nothing was clearer set forth upon our entering the war than that we drew the sword against *war itself*; our men fought, and our women suffered, and our nation sacrificed its treasure, that succeeding generations might be free from the dread and fear of war.

To make all this good, the League of Nations is indispensable—indispensable to "clinch" the great Allied victory—to satisfy the longings and aspirations of humanity for assured justice, peace, and liberty!

In such an issue, I can think of Utah as sending forth but one message to her sister states of the American Union, and to all people; and that message is this: Utah stands strong for the League of Nations for the Enforcement of Peace, and may be relied upon to sustain the President of the Republic and all who labor with him to found the League and secure humanity in its inalienable right to live, to be free, to enjoy justice, to pursue happiness!

The Spirit of the Lilies

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

When Ben Davis returned from his wife's funeral, a drizzling spring rain was falling. It seemed that he had suffered so much the last few days since Elsie died, that he had turned numb with misery. He had braced himself for the ordeal of the services that afternoon, yet strangely enough instead of fresh torture, he had derived some comfort from them. The hushed audience, the peal of the organ in Chopin's funeral march, the mellow tones of the tenor that floated out in the beautiful words of "Come to Me," all vaguely soothed him. The stand was banked with Easter lilies and the young speaker, who had a high spiritual forehead from which his hair curled back gracefully, took his text from them. He said that the body consigned to the earth was like the bulb of the lily, planted in the earth; that it would rise in the hereafter purified and beautified just as the lily blossomed at Easter.

Somehow, that idea helped sustain Ben through the ghastly obsequies at the cemetery. When they lowered the casket there were three inches of water in the grave. The hand of Elsie's father shook as he held the umbrella over her gray-haired mother, who wept pitifully.

As he stepped out of the automobile on his return, the chill wind whistled around him and made him shiver. He doggedly set his face toward the big house which, since his wife's departure, seemed like a body without a soul. As he went up the path, he noticed the yellow and lavender crocuses, harbingers of spring, and thought how Elsie would have loved them. Davis thought that he had suffered so much, the last few days, that he couldn't suffer any more, yet at the door, fresh calamity awaited him. The nurse met him in the hall.

"The baby is ill, sir. Dr. Brant has been here and said that he would look in again before morning."

"What seems to be the matter?"

"The food disagrees with him and he has fever."

Davis went in and bent over the crib. His first feeling, on seeing his new born son several days before, had been one of resentment that this red, wriggling mite had cost the life of his great, splendid girl. Elsie, of the chestnut hair and damask cheek, had always reminded him of an American Beauty Rose.

She was a queen among women as it was a queen among flowers. Yet, because of that pink morsel, she lay like a magnificent figure, carved in alabaster, stilled forever.

When told that there was nothing that he could do, he went to the dining room. He scarcely touched the food, so aware was he of the empty place at the other side of the table, where Elsie had presided so radiantly. He wandered disconsolately through the house, yet each room held its pain. In the drawing room, on the piano, the music was opened to the "Little Grey Home in the West," that his wife sometimes sang to him. In the library, on the table beside her flower bowl, lay the last book she had read, *French Chateaus*. In the ingle nook by the fireplace lay her sewing basket, with the little half-finished garment in it just as she had laid it down. Upstairs the door of her room was closed, and he avoided it as a Bluebeard's chamber, but when he opened a closet in the bath room, Elsie's yellow silk kimona fluttered out at him. For a moment he thought he would strangle. Then he went to the head of the stairs. Life before him stretched like a drear, gray desert, with nothing in it. As he stood there, an infant's wail was wafted up to him.

He hurried down.

"How is he?" he asked.

"Seems worse," Miss Adams answered tersely.

Davis bent over the crib. He felt the little hot head, then the tiny hand; as he did so, the tendrils of fingers, clutched his. When he tried to withdraw it, it only clung tighter. So he drew his chair up and sat down. As a dam will go out before mighty waters, so it seemed that the floodgates of his heart were opened by the clutch of that little hand, and he felt that he could pray again.

At the imminence of losing the child, he realized what he meant. His price was above rubies; he had cost the life of his mother. He had his life-work laid out for him—to rear Elsie's child to manhood—such a man-child as Elsie would want. Perhaps he would be like his mother! Paternal pride also welled up in him. He had a son to be a companion to him, to bear his name and carry on his work where he laid it down. Fervently he prayed,—prayed as he had not been able to since Elsie shrieked in pain,—that the little life might be spared him, and that he be not left desolate a second time. Silently all night the strong man sat there. The nurse came and went with her duties. Two, three, four, o'clock struck, and Davis felt that he anchored the little soul to earth by grim faith. Just before daylight, the doctor came. He laid his case of instruments on the table and warmed himself at the fire place before he went over to the tiny patient. After a careful examination, he

announced, "He seems better. I think that he will pull through."

With a great thankfulness in his heart, the father turned toward the east window where the gray light filtered through. It fell on the white bud of an Easter lily, just bursting into bloom. He felt that it was the symbol of a new life.

A Baby---an Eternal Blessing

By Joseph S. Peery, Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., Liberty Stake

The greatest of all creations is a baby. A baby is a human soul that lives forever. It lived before it came to this life. It comes to this life in school for development. In the next life it will have opportunities to go on and eternally progress and advance. The Creator of Heaven and Earth made that baby in his own image.

At first a baby is helpless, wholly dependent on others. In twenty years, as President Lorenzo Snow observed, the baby attains a development that is wonderful, becomes an inventor and does great things for humanity. If in twenty years that baby can learn so much, certainly, with its Father in Heaven as its tutor, and through ages of eternity, it is reasonable that the little baby can become like its Maker.

Earthly things perish. The baby lives forever. Being the climax of all creations, what a wonderful thing, what a splendid possession—a baby in the home!

Marriage is a great blessing, ordained by the Almighty. Complying with this injunction, a young couple obeys the first great commandment. They become the parents of a living soul, a wonderful privilege, far exceeding acquisition of gold or temporary earthly honors.

"Children are an heritage of the Lord."—Psalm 127:3. Married in the Temple for time and all eternity, children are an eternal heritage, an eternal compensation for parents who obey God's first words to earth's first couple: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth."

A Protean Station Agent

By Frank R. Arnold, of the Utah Agricultural College

One of the world's best thrift stories, better than anything the war has produced in America, and equal to anything that the woolen-stockinged French peasants have done, is that of a station agent on a branch line in the State of Utah. He has been rail-roading for twenty-seven years, having started as a messenger boy at the age of twelve, and he has been in his present position about twelve years. His station serves a town of 600 inhabitants, situated in the midst of dry farms of wheat and irrigated fields of sugar beets. A quarter of a mile to the side of the town are sloughs and river bottoms and the agent keeps his gun over his ticket window, not to use on western highwaymen, but to have it handy for an hour's duck shooting on the early autumn mornings before trains start running. Four passenger and two freight trains pass the station daily, and the station master has his regular work connected with telegraph, tickets, express and freight. With his family of six he lives in the station and has rent, coal and kerosene free.

Such is the setting of our model thrift magnate. Now for his versatility in seeing chances to add to his income. First there is land, for the railroad right-of-way has a generous western breadth. From the railroad company he leases at \$3 per year four-fifths of an acre on which this year he grew 76 bushels of white flint corn. The irrigating water came from the overflow of an accommodating farmer on the other side of the fence from whom for \$5 he rented a quarter of an acre on which he grew the vegetables for his family. Part of the corn went to feed his flock of 135 white Leghorn hens, and he got wheat also to feed his hens by chopping up old railroad waste wood and exchanging it for some of the threshing floors that abound in that country. The only outlay in cash for his hens was the expenditure of \$1.75 for 100 pounds of oyster shells and \$3.75 for a like amount of beef scraps. Thus in land rent and food his hens cost him in cash outlay \$8.50 and his returns for eggs for the first six months of 1918 were \$243.95. Some profit there, for a station agent's lonely moments!

All the rest of the corn land should not be charged to the hens, for much of the corn went this year to feed twelve hogs, two of which he kept to feed the family and the other ten sold for \$27 apiece. The young pigs had cost him \$3 each, and he

had bought 1000 pounds of shorts on which to fatten them. These cost \$17, so that his total expense for hogs was \$53, leaving him a large margin of profit. Sugar beets were also used to fatten the hogs, and although their price at the sugar factory this year was one-half a cent a pound the station master got them for nothing by the simple expedient of picking up those that rolled off from passing freight cars, and in that country the sugar beet trains pass in a steady stream from October to January.

Another source of income is chopped kindling wood, of which he sold four cords to the town schools at \$9 a cord. But what the station master is proudest of, however, is the fact that in the twelve years of his incumbency he has taught himself the trade of a cabinet maker. "If it wasn't for my monthly check from the railroad," he often says, "I'd like to quit and be nothing but a cabinet maker. I do love to use tools. But a family man has to have a sure thing." Behind the station is his carpenter shop, built with the permission of the railroad authorities, and costing him \$40. It contains over \$250 worth of his tools, and he calls the place his "thinkbox," for there is where he evolves new schemes for making money, and there is where he serenades his soul with his beloved tools, although he may be called to duty at any minute by a key connecting him with the telegraph office. Of course, his tools earn him money. They have made toys for his children, a kitchen cabinet for his wife, and kitchen cabinets for the housewives of the town. He has made ten of them already, and they sell for \$50 apiece. He has become the general cabinet maker and repair man for the town, and anyone who gets any furniture broken takes it down to him for repairs. In his ticket office he made his own telegraph desk and filing cabinet. The latter is made of yellow pine wood, and has nine pigeon holes, two cupboards and twelve drawers. It stands 27 inches high, and is 40 inches long by 14 inches wide. His "thinkbox" also serves as a playroom for his children and, though his tools are hanging all over the walls, the children respect them, for he has made a toolbox for his oldest boy. It is a good principle in bringing up children to give them things of their own, and then they don't borrow yours.

Some people may wonder how a farmer, poultry man, stock man, cabinet maker, can have any time for railroading. And yet twelve years in one position means that a man is trustworthy, and he has, besides, constantly been commended for efficiency, and three years he has received a gold medal for a perfect station. The annual inspection found him perfect in upkeep, in neat surroundings and in cleanliness. One year he was ranked only 99.9. He never has been able to find out on what they caught him on for that missing one-tenth, and he would like to

know. All summer the station is surrounded with flowers which he plants and cultivates at his own expense. Sweet peas, asters, carnations, geraniums, and sweet Williams, it is a lovely mass of flowers all summer and you can get lessons in floriculture as well as economy by stopping over a train at the station. In winter some of the flowers move inside. Every window of the waiting room and office is full of plants in tin cans painted an olive green, so clean and discreet that you would never suspect the lowly origin of the flower pots. The waiting room is as attractive as a club house. There are some saloons and barbershops that have an artistic, home-like air, but this is the first country station to give a homelike welcome to the passenger. The windows are hung with white muslin curtains. The walls are covered with pictures, many of them framed by the station agent himself, with wood taken from an old cedar post by the railroad. There are pictures of all the presidents, San Francisco in ruins, Roman chariot races, and of flowers, as well as a map of the trail followed by the Utah pioneers in 1847. The most remarkable thing in the room, however, is a mirror with brush and comb, all kept clean for the use of the traveling public.

This station is a delight to the traveler, and the man who has charge of it is a true American of the best Benjamin Franklin pattern. He is resourceful and ingenious, and thus increases his income each year by from \$800 to \$1,000 beyond his regular salary. He has no expenses for his family except clothes and groceries. He is a master workman as a station agent, and a master artist in the use of spare moments.

Logan, Utah.



The Key Flower

By H. R. Merrill

Many years ago, while herding cattle on the hill-side, a young man found a wonderful blue flower. He stooped and plucked it from its stem and gazed admiringly into its azure depths. Never before had he seen such a striking blossom. As he gazed in rapture at his new-found treasure, a nameless, thrilling perfume seemed to envelope him. At length he lifted his eyes, after having drunk in the beauty of this flower which possessed a subtle charm that was new and delightful, and to his amazement he noticed for the first time an opening in the hillside along which ran a well-beaten path. The flower seemed to beckon him to enter.

A little timidly he set foot upon the path, and began to walk into the tunnel. The perfume of the flower seemed to fill the entire opening, and to send his blood at a quicker flow. His timidity vanished, and like a young god he marched fearlessly into the very heart of the hill where, to his astonishment, the tunnel opened out into a square room which was lined on all sides with chests whose precious contents were revealed by the rays of liquid light which gleamed from them in the half light.

The boy paused irresolutely. The clinging silence was at length broken by a still, small voice which said, "My boy, help yourself, but don't forget the best!"

The lad followed the sound of the voice with his eyes and there, perched upon a massive chest, sat a little, old, kindly-faced man. Though startled at finding another in the room, one glance at the precious flower in his hand reassured him, and with trembling hands he laid it aside and began filling his pockets with the large and brilliant gems. When his pockets were all filled he was about to turn away when once more the still, small voice was heard to say, "Don't forget the best—don't forget the best!"

Thinking that he had not found the largest and most lustrous gems, the boy turned again to the chest. As he did so his eyes caught the shimmer of yellow gold. He reached his eager hands into it and with joy felt its precious weight. He removed his hat and filled it as full as he dared to do: With flushed face he raised his priceless burden and started for the door. As

he passed through the portals he heard the voice again, "Don't forget the best."

But his pockets and hat were full and he had all that he could possibly carry, therefore he heeded not the admonition.

"I have sufficient here to buy all I wish in this world," he muttered to himself, "even if I haven't the very best of all those gems."

At length he reached the mouth of the tunnel, and as he stepped out into the sunlight it seemed that he heard the echo of the voice more insistent than ever, "Don't forget the best—*Don't forget the best!*"

He smiled complacently as he glanced lovingly at the precious burden in his hat. To his consternation he noted a change going on in the gold itself. It seemed to be losing color and weight. Frantically he set his hat upon the ground and thrust his hands into the precious pile—his fingers found only dried leaves.

He leaped to his feet and reached his hands into his pockets from which he drew, not the lustrous gems that had glistened in the half-light of the underground room, but in their stead worthless stones.

He turned to the tunnel, thinking to retrace his steps and seize more of the precious things, but the tunnel—had vanished. Then only did he remember that he had left the matchless blue flower lying forgotten on the chest in the closed treasure chamber. No longer was he bathed in the subtle fragrance that seemed to make life so rosy and so full of joy.

Again he began pacing up and down the hillside in search of the key-flower that would open to his eager gaze the tunnel which led to the precious things which his heart desired so much—but all in vain.

He had had in his possession the key flower, but had carelessly flung it aside in order to grasp wealth. How he berated himself for being a fool, unheeding of warning and admonition! In his distress he told himself that had he the flower once more in his possession not all the wealth and powers of the world would entice him to give up for a single moment that precious gift, that exhilarating perfume which made the world so beautiful to him.

I have adapted this story to my needs. It appeared in an old reader that once was used in the Idaho public schools. I have not told it just as it was written, as it has been many years since I read it, but it illustrates my point.

In this life, God places in our hands the key flower, then he opens to us the treasure-house of the world and tells us to

help ourselves—but while we are doing so he keeps the admonition ringing in our ears, “Don’t forget the best!”

Then, what is the key flower? In order to answer we must decide why man is upon the earth. To my mind the Book of Mormon answers best—“Man is that he might have *joy*.” Joy in this life and in the life to come is the one sought-for thing. We all work to this end. True, some forget the life to come, but those who do, fail in this life also.

If joy, then, is our goal—that which tends to bring joy is the key flower that we should keep ever with us, whether we seek that joy through wealth, service, or through any other avenue. Our beloved American poet—Riley—was once asked what he considered to be the greatest thing in life, that which contributes most to our success. I fancy he had in mind the “Mormon” idea of what constitutes real success when he made this characteristic reply:

Just to be good—

This is enough—enough!

O we who find life’s billows wild and rough,

Do we not feel how much more than any gold

Would be the blameless life we led of old,

While yet our lips knew but a mother’s kiss?

Ah! though we miss all else but this,

To be good is enough!

It is enough—

Enough—just to be good!

To lift our hearts where they are understood;

To let the thirst for worldly power and place

Go unappeased; to smile back in God’s face

With the glad lips our mothers used to kiss.

Ah! though we miss all else but this,

To be good is enough!

Innate goodness and innocence to me represent the key flower which exhales a divine fragrance making life “one grand, sweet song.” Whether we are called upon to traverse the rocky road of poverty, hardship, disease, or the sun-kissed road of affluence and luxury, if we carry that key flower as a part of our baggage we shall find the world a splendid place in which to live. He who waits until the hereafter to be happy will find that he has wasted, to say the least, many, many years. If we do not carry that key flower with us, all our successes, our wealth, our ambitions in the end will be found to be nothing but leaves—obnoxious leaves.

The sort of *goodness* that opens the treasure-house of life is not a passive or a sanctimonious goodness. It is that sort which moves to positive action; that sort which is helpful, that finds in service its most beautiful expression, regardless of the dust of

the earth; it is the sort that finds in the dawn of each new day a repetition of an oft-repeated miracle. It is the kind that keeps the heart right—ever able to sing with Browning:

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

Little, petty failings such as we have—though discordant notes—do not entirely spoil the harmony of life. While there is none upon this earth who is absolutely and perfectly good, that we can be good is intimated by the Master when he said, "Be ye therefore perfect!"

I have come to believe that our happiness and eventual joy are dependent upon our goodness entirely—not upon what we *have*; but what we *are*. Charles Kingsley, then, in a little four-lined rhyme gives us a splendid rule of life that will keep us ever in possession of the key flower:

Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And thus make life and the great forever
One grand, sweet song!

) Young man, you have not yet lost the key flower that God gave you—hang on to it with all your might; older men, if you have thoughtlessly left it in the treasure chamber, and the hill has been closed to you—dig it out. It is worth your utmost effort. With it you rob even death of victory, for the "sting of death is sin!"



Irrigation and Education

By Prof. O. W. Israelsen, of the Utah Agricultural College

III. Place

Necessary as it is to have begun early and to have clearly decided upon a definite Purpose in order to properly acquire a water right or an education, an early beginning and definiteness of Purpose are insufficient. Reasonable adherence to a chosen Place is a vital necessity.

To obtain a right to the use of water for irrigation the public wisely requires individuals to specify the place at which it is proposed to divert water from the source of supply. The legal subdivisions of land upon which he proposes to use the water which he asks permission to divert must also be specified. Further, the Place chosen must make "beneficial use" of water possible, since "beneficial use" is declared to be the "basis, the measure, and the limit" of all water rights.

For example, an irrigator cannot acquire a right to a stream of 10 cubic feet of water per second, if half of the stream is lost by seepage from a canal built in porous gravel near the point at which the water is diverted from its natural channel. It is also impossible to acquire a right to the use of a very large quantity of water for the irrigation of lands in low-lying places which are naturally moist.

Acquiring an education is, in the same way, dependent on one's choosing a Place and keeping it. But this Place must be so chosen that he can use, to best advantage, his natural powers, if he expects pleasure, satisfaction and success to attend his efforts. Many good blacksmiths could have been developed from farm boys who have ruined their possibilities by leaving the farm and attempting to become efficient office clerks. About five years ago a friend of the writer sold a dry-farm which for ten years had barely paid his expenses, and on which he learned only one lesson; namely, that a dry-farm was not his Place. He is now a prosperous mechanic and is already recognized as a master automobile workman. Of his time, "beneficial use" is now being made.

Upon rare occasions advantage is found in changing the Place of diversion or use of water for irrigation, and under proper limitations the public permits a transfer. One of Utah's

best irrigators recently found that he could purchase water at a very low cost, which had been stored during the flood season, and that by pumping it only fifteen feet high he could irrigate a 40-acre tract of alfalfa land in the valley bottom. But he had a vested water right to the alfalfa land which had been irrigated since 1865. He had also a 40-acre dry-farm near the valley foot-hills for which he could not afford to buy stored water, since the cost of raising it to the higher land would have been excessive. By building a short canal, however, he found that he could divert the water from the creek which had always supplied the bottom land, at a point higher up in the stream than the point of diversion in use, and thus irrigate the dry-farm very cheaply. By so doing, and also by purchasing stored water for the bottom-land alfalfa farm, he contributed to his own welfare and to that of his community. The public properly permitted him to transfer the old water right to the higher land.

Likewise under some conditions a change of one's Place in educational endeavor is a mark of Progress, but stepping stones to real success are not found in the life of a nomad.

Fundamental changes in soil, and therefore in the water-needs of plants, have frequently followed a few years' practice of irrigation. Some choice soils once porous and open, thirsting for water, have been irrigated in abundance till the ground water table has been raised to a point which threatened to smother productive plant roots. The points of maximum soil productivity and of gravest danger to plant life have in many Places been reached at the same time. And then, to insure the permanence of soil fertility and to avoid the dangers of over-irrigation, the public has asserted that "beneficial use" of *excessive* quantities of water could not exist, and that perhaps other Places must be permitted to use part of the water supply. The underlying basis of rights to the use of water thus lends itself to the needs of the hour.

Similarly, fundamental changes in human ideals, and therefore in the educational needs of men, have followed a few generations of self-government. In centuries past, favored classes of men thirsting for knowledge were highly educated till class distinction threatened to smother tendencies toward self-government. The periods of the highest educational development among the few, and of the gravest danger to the perpetuation of democracy, were in many instances reached at the same time. And then to insure the perpetuation of self-government and to avoid the dangers of over-centralization of education, far-sighted statesmen declared that opportunity to obtain an education should be the birthright of every American citizen. Today colleges and universities which were once open only to the favored few are doing all in their power to design courses of study suited

to men and women in all walks of life. Especially noteworthy is the complete readjustment of courses and methods of instruction which have been made by American colleges to meet the educational needs created by the great war. These admirable readjustments to meet the needs of the hour clearly afford every individual the opportunity to develop through well-directed systematic study.

With such excellent opportunities afforded, the public properly expects that every individual will make the most "beneficial use" of his time. Indeed it may well be said that "beneficial use" of time is the "basis, the measure and the limit" of educational development, just as "beneficial use" of water has been declared to be "the basis, the measure and the limit" of rights to its continued use.

But simply finding the Place where irrigation water, or an individual's time, may be "beneficially used" is not enough to insure permanent Progress. That Perseverance, the fourth of the five P's, is also vitally necessary to success will appear in the following number of the *Era*.



Photograph from Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

THE EBERT-SCHEIDEMANN PARADE IN BERLIN

This is a scene during the Berlin general elections, Feb. 11, 1919, resulting in the selection of Herr Ebert as President and Herr Phillip Scheidemann as Chancellor of the German republic. The crowd in "Unter den Linden" can be seen watching the procession, with its many propaganda signs, among which can be seen a striking arraignment against Bolshevism, which reads, "For the reign of Ebert-Scheidemann against the Terror."

Waterfalls of Yosemite Valley

By Alfred Lambourne

The naming of all the objects of interest in the Yosemite Valley is singularly felicitous, as it serves to bring the several parts of the wondrous place and its surroundings into harmonious fellowship. Our feelings of sentiment are not so shocked as they are so often done elsewhere, at the incongruous title of some delectable spot or object of beauty. The old Indian names, given by the tribe of the Mariposa, are retained, and are full of poetical meaning, as the red man's faith in the power of the unseen spiritual forces of nature was simple and pure. None of these names are more beautiful or suggestive than those given to the waterfalls. Pohono—Spirit of the Evil Wind; Pi-na-ack—Cataract of Diamonds; Yo-in-Ye—the Meandering, are the suggestive titles given by the aborigines to those three waterfalls, called in English by the names of the Bridal Veil, the Vernal, and the Nevada Falls. Vernal Falls received the English name from the intense greenness of the mossy rocks at their base, and either of the two names suit them well. So also does the name Meandering, the Indian name for the Nevada Falls; its water does not fall straight down, but clings to the rocks in wonderfully beautiful curves. The Bridal Veil is perhaps the more lovely of all the waterfalls, and once seen will never be forgotten. Pohono, Spirit of the Evil Wind,



The Vernal Falls

*Nevada Falls**Middle Fall of Yosemite*

whether or not you linger around your former home we know not, but this we know, so long as the mountain winds sport under thy waterfall, swaying it from side to side, dissipate it in mist ere half way down, and make of it a cloud whereon the rainbows gleam and quiver, so long the pale-face looking upon it

*Bridal Veil Falls**Pohono—Windy Day*

will be in a fit mood to believe one and all of the poetic legends which tell the beliefs of the vanished Mariposa. The scenery of the earth has nothing more beautiful than the waterfalls of the Yosemite valley.

Judiciary System of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

By Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

The essential purpose of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is to save mankind from sin, and to enable the sinner to retrieve his character through contrite repentance and by further compliance with the laws and ordinances based on the Atonement wrought by the Savior of the race.

The Church of Jesus Christ, which as a corporate entity is the organized body of which the Gospel is the vital spirit, must of necessity provide a system of order and discipline for the guidance and government of its members.

In accordance with the revealed law of the Church, a complete judiciary organization is maintained in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and its operation has been strikingly effective from the beginning.

On the basis of territorial classification, the smallest fully organized unit is the Ward, which is presided over by a Bishop, with whom are associated two other High Priests as Counselors, the three constituting the Ward Bishopric. As assistants to the Bishopric, there are deacons, teachers and priests.

Wards are aggregated in broader territorial units, known as Stakes, each Stake comprising such Wards as are conveniently situated, without numerical limitation except as the requirements of efficiency make necessary. The presiding body within a Stake is the Stake Presidency, consisting of the President and two Counselors, each of the three being a High Priest. Assisting the Stake Presidency is a High Council, composed of twelve High Priests.

The General Authorities have jurisdiction over the entire Church, according to their respective callings. At the head stands the President with two other High Priests as Counselors, the three constituting the First Presidency of the Church. Next in authority is a body of twelve High Priests, specially ordained as Apostles, and these form the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

The usual order of reformatory and disciplinary ministry is in general as follows. Should knowledge of any case of wrongdoing, or lack of harmony between or among members, come to the attention of the Bishopric of a Ward, it is their duty to delegate two or more priests or teachers to visit the parties concerned, and to try by brotherly mediation to bring about a reconciliation, or if there be evidence of actual sin, to report the facts to the Bishopric and make formal accusation. If the case so warrants, the Bishopric sit as a court, before whom the accused person appears after due notice and summons. If

he denies the allegations of misconduct, he is given trial, in which his rights are scrupulously protected. Should he be found guilty, the Bishop's court requires the offender to effect restitution if such be practicable, or to make amends so far as the nature of the case allows; or, in cases of grave offense, formally withdraws fellowship from the guilty one, or excommunicates him. The penalties never involve fines, deprivation of liberty, or levies on property; and the extreme judgment that can be rendered is that of excommunication from the Church, or, for lesser offenses, disfellowshipment.

An appeal may be taken from the Bishop's court to the Stake Presidency and High Council, which tribunal possesses both appellate and original jurisdiction. Appeals from the action of a High Council may be made to the First Presidency only, whose decision is final. The Council of the Twelve Apostles is designated as the Traveling Presiding High Council of the Church, and they may officiate as a trial court anywhere within the Church; though this they do only in cases of very serious concern, or wherein Church members of different local units are involved, or as the First Presidency directs them to assume jurisdiction.

The purpose and basal plan of operation of the ecclesiastical courts was thus set forth by Joseph Smith, and the affirmation is authoritative through formal acceptance by the Church:

"We believe that all religious societies have a right to deal with their members for disorderly conduct according to the rules and regulations of such societies, provided that such dealings be for fellowship and good standing; but we do not believe that any religious society has authority to try men on the right of property or life, to take from them this world's goods, or to put them in jeopardy of either life or limb, neither to inflict any physical punishment upon them; they can only excommunicate them from their society, and withdraw from them their fellowship." (Doctrine and Covenants 134:10).

That the courts of the Church in no sense assume to oppose or supersede the secular law is shown in a revelation given as early as 1831, wherein it is expressly required that if members of the Church commit crime, if they kill, or rob, or lie, they *"shall be delivered up unto the law of the land."* See Doctrine and Covenants 42.

We hold that in matters of difference between brethren, in which no specific infraction of the secular law is involved, and in offenses called "civil" as distinguished from "criminal", it is as truly unworthy of members of the Church today as it was in Paul's time that "brother goeth to law with brother"; and that it stands to our shame if righteous judgment cannot be rendered among ourselves. See 1 Cor. 6:5-7.

Died in Service

We aim to name all the soldier boys within Utah and surrounding states who have died in the service of our country. To this end the Era will be pleased to receive the facts, in a short sketch, from parents or friends of any soldier who has sacrificed his life for the cause of liberty, and who has not yet been mentioned in this column. Address: Editors Era, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sherman White, formerly at Fort Douglas, with the 20th infantry, died in France, November 3, 1918.

C. Ellwood Garvin, Park City, Utah, died of pneumonia, at Camp Kearny, Friday, October 25, 1918. He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Lucy R. Garvin.

William Richardson, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Richardson, of Camas, Idaho, died in a hospital in France, September 25, 1918, of bronchial-pneumonia. He was a member of the 18th division.

Angus N. McKellar, 18 years of age, Salt Lake City, died at the post hospital, Fort Douglas, December 4, 1918, of pneumonia. He was a sergeant of D company of the S. A. T. C., of the U. of U.

Wilford Wanberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wanberg, Murray, Utah, was killed in action, November 2, 1918. He was born 20 years ago, enlisted with the Marines, April, 1918; was trained, and sent to France in September, 1918.

Guy Neyman, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Neyman, Idaho Falls, Idaho, died of wounds in France, in October, 1918. Mr. Neyman left home in the latter part of 1917, and had been on the front in active service for some time.

Herbert C. Leslie, Salt Lake City, 59th infantry, 4th division, was killed in action, September 5, 1918, in the battle of the Argonne Forest. He was a son of Thomas and Marie Leslie; enlisted September 19, 1917, and went over-seas, April 24, 1918.

Lawrence Greene, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Greene, Salt Lake City, died at Mare Island, California, October 20, 1918, of influenza. He was 22 years old; entered the navy, May 28, 1918. Besides his parents, he leaves his widow and seven brothers and sisters.

*Clarence E. Geertsen, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Geertsen, Montpelier, Idaho, 21 years old, died of pneumonia, at the League Island Navy Yards, November 26, 1918. He enlisted in the Navy, November, 1917, and was a member of the crew of the U. S. S. *Missouri*, at the time of his death.*

Harry D. Humphries, son of Thomas and Susie Dimond Humphries, Murray, Utah, machinist in the aviation corps, died in France of pneumonia, October 26, 1918. He was born in London, England, October 17, 1886, came to America 16 years ago. He married Miss Jessie Stainer, of Murray, February 14, 1918.

Virgil Cole, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Cole, Salt Lake City, Utah, a member of D company, 61st infantry, was killed in action October 13, 1918, on the Western front, near Cunel, France, being struck by a machine gun fire. He was killed almost instantly. He was buried in the town where he met his death.

Guy H. Western, Deseret, Utah, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wood Western and Clara Phillips Western, was killed in action in France, October 31, 1918. He was born March 31, 1893, was drafted in the fore part of

April, and went to Camp Lewis, April 28, 1918, thence to Virginia, and from Virginia to France.

Harlow Vincent, H company, 362nd infantry, died in France, September 28, 1918, of wounds received in battle. He was the son of Mrs. Jane H. Vincent, Salt Lake City; was 23 year sold. He left home for Camp Lewis April 27, 1918, and in October, after six months' training at Camp Lewis, was ordered to France.

Robert Hints, *Pocatello*, Idaho, died in a hospital in France, on February 14, 1919, according to an official message from the war department received by his wife, Mrs. Robert Hints. Mr. Hints was connected with the 346th machine gun battalion, and had been in France for the past ten months. Death was due to pneumonia.

Sergeant Harold K. Olmstead, 25 years of age, son of Loren A. Olmstead, Salt Lake City, was killed in an airplane accident, Monday, March 4, 1919, at Fort Sill, Okla. He enlisted at Fort Douglas, January, 1917, and was sent to Waco, Texas, and later to Fort Sill, where he met his death. His body was sent home for burial.

Sidney A. Sorenson, son of the late John P. Sorenson, was killed in action in France, October 10, 1918. He was 29 years of age, received his military training at Camp Lewis, was later transferred to Camp Kearny, and went over-seas in the summer of 1918. He is survived by his mother, two brothers, and one sister, Salt Lake City.

Walter Monson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Monson, Ogden, Utah, was killed in action, October 31, 1918. He went to Camp Lewis, May 3, 1918, was sent over with the 364th infantry, 91st division, and arrived in France in time to take part in the big American offensive. He is survived by his father, two brothers and two sisters.

Henry Smith, son of Mrs. Rosa Smith, Park City, Utah, was killed in action Nov. 2, 1918. He was born in Park City, September 20, 1894, entered the army, May 27, 1918, was sent to Camp Kearny, left July 26, and in August sailed for France. He was a member of the 157th infantry. He is survived by his mother, three brothers and two sisters.

Barney F. Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Johnson, of Shelley, Idaho, died in a training camp near Washington, October 8, 1918. He was born in Shelley, June 7, 1901; enlisted June 7, 1918; was assigned to the quartermaster's department. He is said to be the first Shelley boy to lay down his life in the cause of liberty, in the great war.

Private Vernell Coleman, Midway, Utah, died in France of pneumonia, September 23, 1918. He left Midway, June 27, 1918, and arrived in France some time in August. He was the son of Hugh C. and Elizabeth Oliver Coleman and was 23 years of age. His mother is dead, and he leaves his father, step-mother and a number of brothers and sisters.

Lawrence E. Felt, son of Ludvic and Annie Felt, died in Ogden, Utah, February 4, 1919, following a severe nervous breakdown. He was a member of Battery D, 145th F. A., being transferred from Camp Lewis, to Camp Kearny, June, 1918. Private Felt was mustered out with his regiment at Logan, January 24, 1919, receiving an honorable discharge.

Private Elmer S. Bishop, son of Heber and Martha E. Cahoon Bishop, of Hinckley, Utah, died in France, October 19, 1918. He left home July 11, 1918, enlisted in the 145th (Utah) Field artillery, and left for over-seas in August, 1918. He had been in France two months, when he fell a victim to influenza. He was born in Hinckley, Utah, October 27, 1889.

Edward Hunt Barrus, Grantsville, Utah, was killed in action, September 29, 1918. He was born, October 22, 1893, and is the son of Owen H. and Mary Ann Hunt Barrus. He left for Camp Lewis, September 19, 1917, was assigned to headquarters company, 362nd infantry, went over-seas with the

91st division in July. Besides his parents, he is survived by five brothers and four sisters.

Lieutenant Jay H. Hague, only son of Mrs. Jane R. Hague, died at Bordeaux, France, Oct. 26, 1918, of pneumonia. He attended the first training camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and was one of the 100 men sent over-seas for special duty in September, 1917. He was bayonet instructor in the American army in France and England until last April, when he was made deportation officer.

Logan H. Bryant, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bryant, Cedar City, Utah, died of pneumonia, at Camp Wheeler, Oregon, November 23, 1918. He entered the service, February 13, 1918; was sent to Vancouver, Washington, to the Spruce Camp; later transferred to Garibaldi, Oregon, from which place he was sent to the hospital at Wheeler, where he died November 23, 1918, on his 27th birthday.

Lieut. Louis Rowe, Salt Lake City, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rowe, died at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, October 4, 1918. He was 23 years of age, left for Kelley Field, Texas, January 1, 1918, was transferred to Camp Sheridan, Atlanta, then to Camp Taylor, Kentucky, where he received his commission as lieutenant in the heavy artillery. Besides his parents, he is survived by two brothers.

Lionel Charles Dover, Cedar City, Utah, son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Dover, was killed in action in France, September 19, 1918. He was in the first company of drafted men from Iron county, leaving Cedar City, October 3, 1917; was trained at Camp Lewis, then transferred June 24, 1918, to Camp Merritt, New Jersey, and went over-seas in July. He married Miss Josephine Harris, of Cedar City, June 4, 1917.

Monroe McDonald, son of Mr. and Mrs. William McDonald, Heber City, Utah, died of pneumonia, in France, September 12, 1918. He was born in Heber City, March 11, 1888, entered the service from Duchesne county, June, 1917, trained at Camp Lewis, in company K, thence to Camp Merritt, arriving in France, August 18, 1918. He is survived by his parents, four brothers and two sisters.

Arnold E. Johnson, member of the medical corps, 45th division, died in France, February 1, 1919, of bronchial-pneumonia, according to word received by his wife, Mrs. Helen Carlton Johnson, of Provo, Utah. He was the son of Mrs. Eliza E. Johnson, Lovell, Wyoming, where he lived up to joining the army in May, 1918. He was married only two days prior to his leaving Camp Lewis. He was 27 years of age.

Russel W. Davies, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Davies, Salt Lake City, died following an operation for appendicitis, at Camp Jones, Arizona. His body arrived in Salt Lake, December 3, 1918, for burial. He volunteered and became a member of the 1st cavalry regiment, April 19, 1917, was assigned to troop 2 and stayed on the Mexican border; he was a student of the West High school at the time of his enlistment.

Joseph Hyde Merrill, son of Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, Director of State School of Mines, and the late Laura Hyde Merrill, died in the post hospital, Fort Douglas, December 3, 1918, of influenza-pneumonia. He was 19 years of age, a member of the S. A. T. C. at the U. of U. He was a great grandson of the late President John Taylor, and the grandson of the late Marriner W. Merrill, of the Council of the Twelve.

Eugene Isgreen, Tooele, Utah, died at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, February 20, 1919, of pneumonia. He joined the army in 1918, and was in a number of camps before he was transferred to Fort Wingate. He was the only son of Solomon and Alice Isgreen, of Tooele. He is survived by his parents and two sisters. The body was brought to Tooele for interment, and services were held in the South Ward church, March 2.

Leonard Farley, Ogden, Utah, 8th company, 5th regiment, U. S. Marines, gave his life while under fire in going for water for members of his com-

pany, on the Western front, October 4, 1918, according to word received by Mrs. Kate Sobel, mother of Farley. Farley was trained at Galveston, Texas, and enlisted with the Marines, December, 1917, going to France in the spring of 1918. He is survived by his mother, one sister and six brothers.

John Elmer Jones, son of Mrs. E. S. Jones, of Willard City, Utah, died at Hericourt, France, of bronchial-pneumonia, October 13, 1918. He was 25 years of age. He entered the service, May 15, 1918, received his military training at Boulder, Colo., and at Camp Lodge, Iowa. He is survived by his father, mother, four brothers and three sisters. This information was kindly sent the *Era* by Dwight Harding.

James Wallace Wilson, son of Susan Wilson, a widow, Salt Lake City, died at Coblenz, Germany, Feb. 20, 1919, of pneumonia. He was 24 years of age; left New York, for France, in the 10th F. A., June 3, 1918, after being in the service since June 19, 1917. He saw active service at Chateau Thierry and other points at the front. He was a native of Salt Lake City. and besides his mother is survived by three brothers and two sisters.

Joseph A. Morrison, Franklin, Idaho, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morrison, died at St. Paul, Minnesota, October 10, 1918. He was in training in the United States aviation school; was born in Franklin, Idaho, June 7, 1891. He spent two years in the Southern States mission, returning in the spring of 1917, and in the Fall of 1918, he volunteered his services in the aviation corps, spending part of his time in Texas and then in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Sergeant Jack P. Wright, Salt Lake City, was killed in action in the battle of the Argonne Forest, September 27, 1918. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wright; was 25 years old; went to Camp Lewis, September 19, 1917, where he trained until June, 1918, sailing for France in July. He went to the front in September, as a member of the 362nd infantry, 91st division. He is survived by his wife, infant daughter, his parents, two sisters and five brothers.

Wrolf C. Olsen, Iona, Idaho, died of wounds received in action, October 26, 1918. He was among the first men drafted from Iona, leaving for Camp Lewis, October 3, 1917; was assigned to the 361st infantry, Camp Lewis, where he remained until June 20, 1918. He arrived in France in the latter part of July. He was the husband of Zelma Collap Olsen. Besides his wife, he leaves his father, step-mother, one sister and two brothers. He took part in two great battles.

Joseph Smith Morris, son of Eliza S. Morris, Mesa, Arizona, died on the battle front of France, October 21, 1918. He was inducted into the army, September 19, 1917; left with the Maricopa contingent for Camp Funston, Kansas, was a member of the 340th F. A., battery C. He was at home on a furlough, January, 1918, and left for over-seas, January 12, 1918. He was born in Mesa January 3, 1889, and was the son of Hyrum B. and Eliza S. Morris; his father died in 1915.

Private LeRoy E. Benson, Coalville, Utah, Company I, 59th infantry, A. E. F., died September 16, 1918, of wounds suffered on the firing line. He was first wounded July 19, 1918, in the big drive that turned the tide of battle against the Germans. He went to Camp Lewis, October, 1917, thence to Camp Greene, and to Camp Mills, whence he embarked for over-seas in May, 1918. He was a registrant of Summit county, having lived with his uncle, Frank Rippon, in Coalville, Utah.

Sergeant Roxy W. Slater, son of Mrs. J. L. Conkling, Salt Lake City, died January 19, 1919, in a hospital at Grieviers, France, of lobular-pneumonia after an illness of only a few days. He enlisted in Elko, Nevada, October, 1917, was trained at Camp Lewis, and sailed for France, July 1, 1918. He was a member of the 316th ammunition train, was promoted to a sergeantcy after three months in France, and was one of the men who helped to make the reputation of the 91st Division. He was 27 years old.

Peter Carl Peterson, born June 5, 1897, at Castle Dale, Emery county, Utah, son of Peter and Mary P. Peterson, died at Fort Logan, Colorado, October 18, 1918, of influenza-pneumonia. He did his full duty in the military service. His body was sent home for burial and was buried with military honors. He is survived by his father and mother, two sisters and four brothers. He enlisted, Sept. 30, entered the service October 12, 1918, and belonged to the 19th recruit company, Fort Logan, Colo.

Charles LeRoss Tucker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Tucker, Myton, Utah, died in the service of his country in France, October 31, 1918, of pneumonia. He was born in Fairview, Utah, July 24, 1893. He enlisted at Los Angeles, California; he was studying music at Los Angeles when the United States entered the war, and there enlisted, training at Camp Kearny, with the 145th F. A., sailing for France, June 27, 1918. He was one of the "Mormon" colonists that were driven out of Mexico during the trouble there some years ago.

Prvt. John Leslie Bauner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bauner, Coalville, Utah, died of pneumonia, at Camp Kearny, according to information from Upton, January 29, 1919. He was 21 years old, and had been in training with the field artillery since Sept., 1918. The body was sent home for burial. He is survived by his parents, four sisters and two brothers; his last words to his mother who was at his death-bed were: "Tell the folks not to feel bad; I am only one out of thousands." He was the first Upton boy to die in service.

William Lofthouse, mentioned on page 422, *Improvement Era*, Vol. 22, was born in Paradise, Cache county, Utah; drafted June 25, 1918; was in his 25th year, and went over seas in August, 1918, with the 59th infantry, being later transferred to the 111th. With only a few weeks of training, he was thrown into heavy fighting, and went over the top ten times without a scratch. Later he was stricken with pneumonia and died in base hospital 51, December 10, 1918, in France. This information was received from letters to his parents from Red Cross officers, after the imperfect information found on page 422 had been printed.

David LeRoy Dean, son of Charles and Ellen Dean, of Woodruff, Utah, died in France, December 29, 1918, of bronchial-pneumonia, according to a message received by his wife, Mrs. Miranda Snow Dean, of Evanston, Wyo. He was wounded September 26, 1918, and was being cared for at one of the base hospitals, when pneumonia developed, which caused his death. He was born at Woodruff, February 4, 1890, educated in the common schools, attended the Brigham Young College, at Provo, filled a mission in the eastern states, and was married in the Salt Lake temple, October 11, 1916. He left Evanston with the draft contingent, May 26, 1918, for Camp Lewis, sailed for France August 5, and his division was sent into action September 26. Besides his wife and parents, he leaves seven brothers and five sisters.

Grant M. Romney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Heber J. Romney, 24 years old, died in France, October 12, 1918, of infectious grippe. He was born January 7, 1894, attended the West High School and the L. D. S. U., filled a mission in Holland, in 1913, was transferred from Holland to the Western States mission, serving for nearly two years, and acted as president of East Iowa conference for eight months. He enlisted when war was declared between Germany and America, went to the Radio school at the University of Colorado, then to Camp Dodge, Kansas, Camp Mills, Long Island, and in August, 1918, went over-seas to France. He was married to Miss Ella May Nester, five days before leaving for Boulder, Colorado. He leaves his parents, his widow, two brothers and five sisters. Bishop George Romney, Salt Lake City, is his grandfather.

Paul D. Peterson, son of C. W. and Hilda Peterson, Salt Lake City, Utah, a nephew of Mrs. Lund, wife of President Anthon H. Lund, died in Altrich,

Germany, Feb. 15, 1919, of blood poisoning. He joined the army in Idaho Falls, Idaho, Jan. 24, 1918, went to Camp Lewis, June 26; was assigned to Company 9, Third battalion, Signal corps, later was transferred to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, where he volunteered to fill a company preparing for over-seas duty, and was sent to Camp Merritt, New Jersey, for final training in this country. He sailed for France, August 31, 1918, with the 15th service company. Overseas he was assigned to company E, 55th battalion signal corps, and fought with it in the Argonne Woods and other places on the front until the signing of the armistice. He was in Germany with the army of occupation, remaining there until his death. He was 31 years of age, and the family was celebrating his 31st birthday when a telegram arrived, announcing that he had passed away.

George William Carlile, born in Heber City, Utah, July 14, 1894, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Carlile. He attended the public school in Charleston, the Wasatch High school, at Heber, and the B. Y. University, at Provo. When nineteen, he was called to fill a mission in New Zealand, laboring among the Maori people, from January 28, 1914 to April 20, 1917, being president of the Nuhaka district during the last year of his mission. On May 30, 1917, he was married to Miss Fern Price, of Charleston, Utah. In June, 1917, he left for Arizona, but came to Utah in August in answer to his Country's call; on October 3, 1917, he went to Camp Lewis, training until the latter part of June, 1918, when he went to Camp Merritt, thence to France in July, where he remained until September 26, 1918, and took part in the battles of St. Mihiel, and the Argonne Forest. He was called into Belgium in October, was made a corporal, went to the front again on October 31, when he was wounded, while fighting on the Flanders front. He died of these wounds, November 2, 1918, and is buried at Staden, Belgium. He leaves his parents, his wife, one child, one sister, and three brothers to mourn his loss. He died as he lived, "for others." He was a member of the famous 91st Division, Company L. 362nd infantry. Information sent the *Era* by Mrs. T. Fred Winterton, Charleston, Utah.

The West

By Ezra J. Poulsen

Here's to our mighty Westland, the summit of the earth, the crown of creation. Poets have sung its praises; artists have painted its beauty; and prophets have extolled its future; therefore let its citizens cherish its greatness.

It is a land where the golden gates of opportunity stand ajar to welcome the weary and oppressed; the brave and the strong. Surrounded by the blue and purple heights of its majestic mountains, and painted by the crimson glory of the sunset, it is the great divide over which pass the sorrows of yesterday to become transformed into the hopes of tomorrow.

The West is big, and strong, and magnificent. The spirit of freedom is in the breath of its bracing atmosphere; and over its peaceful valleys and rock-bound canyons, rests a halo,—the halo of righteous contentment. Prosperity flourishes on its fertile soil, and man's perversity is being subdued by its sublime influences. It is a land chosen above all others, for into it God led the vanguard of his people.
Garden City, Utah

Vivid View of France and the War

By Brigadier-General Richard W. Young

[This most striking view of the World War, and description of scenes and conditions in France, just before and after the armistice, was written by General Young to his home folks on his return from an official trip to the front for purposes of observation and instruction. He does not forget to mention the German situation, and among other declarations, expresses his fear that the German people will "derive nothing but pride from their exploits in this war. Though defeated, they are by no means humiliated." Their economic slavery will dawn upon them later. His conception of the situation and opinion of the existing combination of circumstances will both instruct and enlighten the reader.—*Editors.*]

Camp de Souge (Gironde), November 21, 1918.

Dear Ones at Home:—I returned last evening from a journey, aggregating about 1600 miles, which, no matter how long I may live, must stand out as one of the most vitally absorbing experiences of my life. Believing that you will be interested in a detailed relation of those experiences, I shall describe them with such particularity as time may permit and my memory and powers of description will render possible.

The time occupied by the trip extended from Saturday, Nov. 9, 1918, to Wednesday, Nov. 20.

My companion throughout the entire trip was Major Robert I. Bentley, Jr., of San Jose, Calif., the Brigade Adjutant; Private Geo. B. Roth, Headquarters Detachment, 65th F. A. Brigade, of Stockton, Cal., my chauffeur. Captain Elmer E. Chase, 144th Field Artillery, accompanied us from Is-sur-Tille to, and along the front and back to Paris, whence he went by train to Clermont-Ferrand, the station of his regiment.

The People and Cities of France

In order to permit you the more graphically to visualize our experiences, I will attempt a brief description of the people of France and a bird's eye view of the country.

Ever since our arrival, our curiosity has been aroused as to the effects of the war upon the people of this devoted country. The villages and towns of the rural districts are oppressively deserted—I speak now of the southern and central portions of France which have not been ravaged by war. As we ran through a village extending for a half mile along the road, we would see not more than two or three women and children on the streets and many of the houses seemed to be unoccupied, their windows

being tightly barred with shutters. We would travel for miles along the roadways without meeting a vehicle or individual. Automobiles have almost ceased to be operated in France for purposes of pleasure, and such riding as is possible is done in funny little carts drawn by ponies or donkeys infinitesimally small.

We have seen no evidences of poverty in France, at least none comparable with the rags and distress of some of the larger English cities, and yet in view of the unprecedented prices of food and clothing it is a marvel how the people are able to live at all. On working days, all seem to be comfortably clad while on Sundays and holidays they appear in excellent clothing usually of stylish appearance. The children are particularly well dressed as a rule. One is struck with the healthy appearance of the young people of France—this is notably true of the girls, who are round and robust and not characterized by the appearance of frailness that marks so many of our American girls. There seemed to be no young men anywhere in France who are not wearing the uniform of a soldier. The civilian population is made up of women, children and older men—it seems impossible that France could have called into service any substantial number of men in addition to those already under arms.

The reception accorded to Americans by the entire population is cordial to the utmost. Men, women and children seem desirous of rendering every possible service to *Les Americaines*. Should you stop for a moment at a road crossing to enquire the way, they spring to your assistance, and the children climb onto the running board of your auto to answer your inquiries. Speaking of the children of France, you could not fail to be impressed with their beauty, their brightness and their politeness. They seem to have none of that rudeness that characterizes so many of our own children. As we fly along the roads or through the streets, they universally greet us with a wave of the hand, a shout of welcome, or with the salutation of "Good-bye." It has been a matter of frequent comment among us, that the girls and women of France bear a much more striking resemblance to our own women and girls than do those of England—you see very many faces throughout France that would not strike you as being foreign in any part of America. The men are considerably foreign in their appearance. All, men, women and children, are vivacious, happy and sociable.

It is to be noted with great regret, however, that the morals of the people seem to be low. Their illustrated periodicals contain pictures and stories that would not be permitted to pass through the mails in the United States. Their theatrical performances and their ordinary conversation, I understand, permit, all too frequently, suggestions of immorality that would

be shocking to our sense of propriety. Prostitution prevails to an unbelievable extent. Young girls and women, many of them in mourning, almost kidnap you on the streets of their cities and even their smaller towns. A very large proportion of French girls and even women are flirtatious in their conduct and attitude toward men. France will never be rehabilitated unless she abandons licentiousness and develops the family spirit.

French architecture lacks diversity. Every farm is a walled enclosure, around the four sides of which are the residence, sheds and stables and within which are the animals and fowls of the farm, and the great piles of manure without which the productiveness of the ancient soil of France could not be maintained. In the villages and towns, as well as in the cities, the houses are built in continuous lines, wall to wall, along the narrow streets. Sidewalks have hardly room enough to allow two persons to walk side by side. There is scarcely a porch in France, nor a lawn, nor a bed of flowers. The windows have great shutters which for some inexplicable cause are usually closed and locked. All structures are of stone, roofs are tiled, and what their edifices lack in attractiveness they make up in solidity.

I must not forget to mention the French bed. I have slept in hotels in cities, towns and villages and in private houses, and everywhere the French bed is a wonderful institution, composed of a box mattress with perhaps a wool mattress and always a featherbed, with wonderful linen, and on top of all a down comforter, sometimes as thick as a featherbed and always, seemingly, too small for the purpose for which it was designed. After sleeping on these most excellent beds, and in view of the fact that we spend such a large portion of our lives in bed, I have concluded that perhaps we are too careless in America as to the quality of our beds.

As regards food, there has never been any restriction on meat since we have been in France; bread seems to be limited, and even American officers and soldiers, when traveling, are required to produce bread tickets in order to be served with that necessary article of food. Potatoes are scarce, while other vegetables seem to be plentiful, but all are extremely high in price. Butter is strictly forbidden to be served, and sugar cannot be obtained in the hotels, sacharine, in liquid form, being furnished in lieu thereof. We had a costly but an amusing experience in Paris on Sunday. Major Bentley ordered an apple and I called his attention to the fact that the price was 5 Francs (90c) per apple, and I, unthinkingly ordered some grapes, which are one of the prolific products of the country, believing that the price would not be prohibitive and ate two small bunches—at a cost of 7 francs, (about \$1.26). We had

ham, French fried potatoes, bread without butter, and coffee or chocolate, and the cost of the meal to each of us was approximately \$3.

The interiors of the residences and hotels of the better class are, of course, very "Frenchy" in the large number of gilt framed mirrors, ornamental clocks, Louis XIV furniture, etc. They all lack in that hominess that characterizes our own homes and hotels. Baths exist, here and there, but not in the same frequency as in America. We found one hotel in Paris where baths could be obtained only on Thursdays and Fridays on account of the scarcity of coal.

The roads of France must have been wonderful before the American invasion and the war. They are usually about 20 feet wide and are macadamized, they are lined with a row, sometimes two rows, of trees on either side and are curbed with rock almost throughout. My splendid 8-cylinder Cadillac would run along on many of these roads almost without a tremor at 60 miles per hour. But the French and American army trucks and the absence of laborers have done much to diminish the condition of these roads. While, as I stated above, there is very little private traffic along these highways there is an enormous quantity of army transportation moving in all directions, and everywhere, as you contemplate our travels through France, you must picture to yourself interminable convoys of trucks and other automobile transportation of various kinds; we would meet lines of 5-ton trucks, French and American, loaded or empty; long lines of Ford touring cars and trucks; ambulances almost without number; long lines of artillery of various sizes with their limbers and caissons; baggage wagons with huge loads of miscellaneous supplies drawn by American mules or French horses; rolling kitchens, either of the substantial French type or the lighter American style. In nearly every city we found American soldiers acting as military police directing traffic at the cross roads. Morning, noon and evening, American soldiers lined up for their meals. It is said that the custom that prevails in the American service, of soldiers falling in for "chow" was the cause of some of the heaviest casualties suffered by the American arms at the front; that instead of going occasionally one by one to the kitchen, as do the French and English, they could not depart from their custom of lining up, a formation that was readily observable by the enemy, who would open fire at once upon them with their batteries. Some cities seemed to be reserved to the French soldiers and others to the American, while in still other places soldiers of both nationalities were quartered. The French have not adopted any neutral color for their uniforms. The French soldiers are

always dressed in the light sky-blue, whether behind or on the line.

There are few mountains of any size in France, except along the eastern and northeastern boundary and, of course, along the Spanish boundary. The remainder of the country is made up usually of rolling hills with valleys along which run their numerous and beautiful streams. Every inch of land seems to be cultivated. Patches of forest exist, through government requirement I imagine. All over France here and there are chateaux of wondrous beauty surrounded by great estates in the highest state of cultivation. The French have a way of building cities and towns along the crests of ridges and on the summits of hills. I remember distinctly Langres, a city of considerable size and importance in the center of France, that crowns the point of a ridge that extends several hundred feet above the surrounding valleys. It is evidently a city of the middle ages and is surrounded with a very impressive, moss-grown wall that must be fifty feet high in places, capped, here and there, with towers and flanked with bastions. Viewed through the woods that occupied the lower slopes of the hill, this sky scraping city is wonderfully picturesque and attractive.

A Visit to the Battle Front

It has been the policy of General Pershing to send the commanding Generals, the Adjutants and the operation officers of Brigades to the front for purposes of observation and instruction. Under that policy, I received telegraphic orders from Adjutant General Davis, of the American E. F., to proceed with my Adjutant by automobile to the Headquarters of the Second Army, starting after November 9, the date of the completion of our six weeks course of artillery training at Camp De Souge. Inasmuch as, however, we finally completed our course by the firing of the barrage on Saturday morning, I made arrangements to leave immediately after luncheon on that day, November 9.

We ran out of the sand and dismal country surrounding Souge, passed the cemetery wherein 14 members of the Utah Regiment lie buried as the victims of Spanish Flu, through the great city of Bordeaux, now nearly double its usual size, across the splendid bridge spanning the river Garonne, over the low hills northeasterly to the city of Libourne, where we crossed the river Dordogne. The country through which we were then passing is the most famous wine producing region of France, the home of many of the favorite vintages of the connoisseur. Our journey Saturday and all day Sunday, generally

speaking, was in a northeasterly direction. We passed through Perigeux and stopped for the night at Limoges. This is the city wherein the famous Haviland china is manufactured. At dinner I saw Lieut. Col. Binford, who, as Captain, was Quartermaster of the 20th Infantry at Fort Douglas at the time that we were encamped there. We took breakfast at a "canteen" operated by the ladies of the American Red Cross. Here we had a substantial American breakfast including oatmeal and ham and eggs at a trifling cost. The cashier was an extremely good-looking and interesting girl from Denver, Colorado, who leaned over and informed me that she was very much impressed with the star on my shoulder.

We made an early start and ran through a most delightful country along some of what must be the best roads in the world. We climbed around innumerable curves to the top of a high ridge upon which was situated the beautiful city of Chateauroux. But it was with this city as with all French centers of population. Distance lends enchantment to the view.

Afar off, with the white walls and the red tile roofs of the buildings embowered amidst trees and surrounded by endless green fields, a French town possesses infinite beauty and charm; but alas! when you enter its confines, the charm is largely dissipated, since, as before explained, there is an absence of flowers and lawns and front yards and porches and such accessories as make so greatly for the attractiveness of a city; while, in addition, your nose is saluted with the rank smells that arise from the open sewerage of the streets. You are certain that you have escaped typhoid in France only because you have been subjected to inoculations against it. Probably the explanation of the fact that all Frenchmen are not dead with the typhoid lies in the fact that through generations of living under such conditions they have arrived at immunity from attack.

We took luncheon at another Red Cross canteen "manned" by American girls, at the city of Bourges. Here is located the second greatest cathedral in France, first being the war scarred edifice at Reims.

Continuing we passed through the insignificant little village of La Guerche, which, until a few days ago, was the Headquarters of General Strong and the 40th Division; and through Nevers, a substantial city situated on the beautiful river Loire, which we here crossed. We found a resting place for the night at Dijon, also a city of considerable size and beauty. We stopped at the Hotel Des Cloches, where I had a beautiful homelike room, with bath—for which, needless to say, I paid a very handsome price.

The next morning we ran over to Is-sur-Tille, the Head-

quarters of the Second Army as we had been incorrectly informed. The censorship in France, even among the military forces, has been so rigid that it has been impossible or difficult for us to obtain accurate information, or any information at all, respecting the location of troops or individuals. While making inquiries as to our further progress, we ran into Captain Elmer E. Chase, who, as Adjutant of the 144th Field Artillery, had been ordered to the front for observation. I invited him to accompany me on the trip which, of course, he was delighted to do. Captain Chase is a gentleman of the first water, whom it was a great pleasure to have with us. He is said to have one of the most attractive homes at Carmel, near Monterey. He and Major Bentley have been life long companions and are devoted friends.

So, with a roll of bedding on both running boards and one in front of the rear seat and our hand baggage, gas masks and steel helmets on the seat with the chauffeur, we continued our journey, through Langres and Neuf-Chateau to Toul, the Headquarters of Lieut.-Gen. Bullard, Commander in Chief of the Second Army. We arrived at Toul just as the armistice took effect. The front lines were only four or five miles away and, had we stopped our automobile for a moment we could have heard the last shots of the Great War. The "Place" of the city was filled with great cheering crowds of civilians and French and American soldiers; an American band came down a main street playing "Tipperary," followed by scores of American soldiers each with a kiddy on his shoulder. I called in to see General Bullard, who was a plebe at West Point when I was a cadet captain. He told his staff how high he considered my position then to be. I reminded him that those were the days when I ranked him. Now, however, he holds with General Liggett, a West Point contemporary of mine, the exalted rank of Lieutenant-General.

That afternoon we ran out to the front lines at Saizerais, the headquarters of the Corps. It was at this town that a day or two later, I saw Dan Spencer, now a Corporal connected with the Intelligence Department of the Army. The boy is the picture of health and has gained greatly in weight. He has been in France for 14 months and no doubt has seen very much hard and hazardous service, but has not reached a commission because of the fact that he has been serving with a French Ambulance unit. A day or two later at Bar-le-Duc I saw Mr. O'Brien, the coal man of Salt Lake City, who likewise had served with the French Ambulance Corps but who had succeeded in landing a commission as 2nd Lieut. in the Sanitary Department of the U. S. Army. He has earned the Croix de Guerre.

From Saizerais we ran through Manonville, Noviant, Berne-

court, Ramboucourt, Bouconville and Apremont to Woinville. The last named town was the Headquarters of the 4th Corps, commanded by General Muir. Here I found Brigadier General Briant S. Wells, with whom I made an appointment for luncheon the following day. It was the great pleasure to "meet up" with him. One of his staff took a snap shot of us, of which I am promised a copy. There being no accommodations in the vicinity, we ran back, some 20 miles, to Commercy, where I was able to secure a small room in the roof, my companions sleeping in their bed rolls on the office floor of the hotel. We took time by the forelock, however, and reserved rooms for the following night, anticipating that our plans would permit us to return.

Among Actual War Scenes

Our journey from Toul to Woinville, was our first introduction to the actual scenes of war. We saw acres and acres, miles and miles of wire entanglements; also interminable infantry trenches, and innumerable gun emplacements, many of which were still occupied. Here we first found camouflaged roads, hundreds of miles of which we were destined to see throughout our journey. Traffic along these roads were hidden from the observation of the enemy either by willows or small branches woven into a mat 10 or 12 feet high, or by a line of gunnysacking of equal height. Where Germans had had possession of the road the camouflage lay between them and the French, while the French, of course, constructed their screen between them and the enemy; in some places the roads had passed from the control of one side to the other and then both sides of the roads were found to be screened. In other places attempts were made to prevent aerial observation of the roads by suspending pieces of camouflage much like the flies of a theatrical stage. It was during this afternoon drive that we first found villages and towns that had suffered from bombardments. Nearly everyone of the towns that I have mentioned was completely ruined, not so much as one building remaining within which a family could find shelter. Yet, in nearly all of them we encountered groups of soldiers, usually American, since our journey was confined largely to the American Sectors. These had cleared the debris from the streets in order to make them passable and were making themselves as comfortable as possible amidst the scenes of desolation in which they were stationed.

On the 12th we returned to Woinville, and under the guidance of a lieutenant placed at our disposal by General Cruickshank, we proceeded northward through Buxerulles, Buxierres, Heudicourt, Nonsart, Pannes, Beney, St. Benoit-en-Woevre to Woel. All these towns were along the front of American occupation, and the Germans were only a mile or so away. Near the

last named town we left our automobile and went into the Bois-de-Raudronville, where we examined a number of long 155mm guns, manned by Americans, that had had the privilege of playing a part during the final days of the great drama. We walked down through the woods toward the German lines, our automobile being unable to proceed on account of shell holes in the road, and at our outer picket lines discovered groups of German soldiers and officers, who had walked over from the Hindenburg Line only a half mile away. We were informed that numbers of our own men and some officers, even though intercourse was forbidden, had gone over to the German lines. These soldiers were well clothed and appeared to have been well fed. They were very military in their bearing, much more so than our own men who happened to be in the vicinity. I talked with one of the German soldiers who had spent some time in England. He was aware of the fact that Wilhelm had abdicated and that a republic was in the process of formation, but he was not an enthusiastic republican; said he did not know which he would prefer, Kaiser or a Republic. The German officers here and elsewhere, wherever we saw them, stood or strutted around with the insufferable air of superiority that made one wish, almost, that the war might have been prolonged until they might be properly humbled.

I fear that the German people will derive nothing but pride from their exploits in this war. Though defeated they are by no means humiliated. It has required substantially the entire world to defeat them—such will be the flattering unction that they will take to their souls. They will attribute defeat to economic causes, the lack of food and materials, and to internal disorders. They will claim that if the German people had remained true to themselves and united they might have won the war even though, Bulgaria, Turkey and Austria had fallen away—in other words, that defeat came to them not externally but internally, but in making this contention, they will overlook the fact that their economic distress and other internal dissensions were the results of the successful war waged against them by their enemies. Though their territory remains practically uninvaded, their defeat is none the less certain and complete. Their surrender of materials of warfare has made treachery and the renewal of the war impossible. It may be set down as certain that the final treaty of peace will impose penalties upon the German people that will render them the economic slaves of the Allied governments for many years yet to come.

We ran over to St. Mihiel—a city of considerable size, largely destroyed, where we found General Richmond P. Davis, commanding the American Artillery that was serving with the

17th French Division. General Davis with his Brigade had left Camp de Souge after we arrived there but through a determination to get into the controversy, and by "butting in" as he expressed it, almost without orders, he succeeded in having his Brigade participate for about three weeks in the engagements around the St. Mihiel salient.

In going from Woinville to St. Mihiel, we found innumerable lumber barracks constructed by the Germans. These were located on the northerly slopes of high hills and were thus protected from the fire of the French. These buildings were very comfortable—in some cases they were ornamented with rustic porches and the interior of the rooms were plastered and tinted. In the rear were deep dugouts for protection from cannon fire.

We spent the night again in Commercy. We were now on the Meuse.

The next day we ran eastward to Toul where I had a pleasant call on Major General Lassiter, the Chief of Artillery for the Second Army. He impresses me as a man of superior ability and great activity, who must have come to the front had the war been prolonged. Here we met Captain Williams, of my staff, and Captain Ward, Adjutant 145th Field Artillery, who had just arrived. These officers were assigned to the several Brigades of the Second Army and had excellent opportunities of observation. Lient. Wolcott, of my staff, and several other officers who arrived a day later were sent back to their stations under orders from G. H. Q. not to permit any further observers to visit the front. Just as we reached the outskirts of Toul an American aeroplane fell to the ground near the road. On arriving at the spot we saw the body of the aviator carried on a stretcher from his ship.

We ran over to the Moselle and down through Mirpache to Pont-a-Mousson, a city that is partly on one side and partly on the other side of the river. One span of the connecting bridge had been destroyed, but replaced with a temporary structure of doubtful strength, which we drove over without knowing that its use was confined exclusively to foot passengers. Here Major Bentley found Captain Moveus, a Fort Sill classmate, now Adjutant of a colored artillery regiment that had seen considerable arduous service in the recent campaign. With him and a Lieutenant Benton we went to the top of Cote-de-Mousson—a conical hill several hundred feet high. This hill is crowned with the ruins of a castle of the middle ages. Fragments of the walls of the citadel at the top of the hill still remain, while encircling the crown of the hill below are numerous other walls wherein, presumably, the baronial followers found a home and refuge. A statue of Joan of Arc, at the top

of a tall, white monument now caps the scene. The hill is honey-combed with tunnels ending in chambers from which through heavy concrete slots the entire surrounding country may be overlooked. This hill has never been in possession of the Germans and has proven to be an invaluable possession of the French and the Americans in their operations in the vicinity. Appreciating its military importance, the Germans have repeatedly shelled the spot and the effects of their cannonading are visible on all hands.

Fortunately the day of our visit was unusually clear and from the top of the hill we had a clear cut view of the city of Metz, only twelve miles away.

The American troops had been in conflict with the Boche right at the foot of the hill for a number of weeks, and we saw the graves of American soldiers scattered here and there, 19 or 20 having received burial a half hour before our arrival. Descending the hill, we approached the German lines and as it happened the National Boundary, our progress being through several villages that had suffered so greatly that it was almost impossible to distinguish where the streets had once existed. Here we learned that some of our soldiers were in contact with the Germans just ahead of where we were compelled through shell holes to leave our automobile, and that they were securing automatic pistols, helmets and other souvenirs, by the exchange of slickers and sweaters and cigarettes. Walking down in the direction indicated we saw a colored soldier whom I asked: "Are there any Germans around here?" he replied, "No suh, no suh, dey is no Germans heah, we has permission to keep 'em out." This reminds me of an experience we had that evening on going into the city of Nancy. It was dark, and just as we were about to enter upon the bridge; a big negro soldier loomed up in front of the car and waved his hand for us to stop. "Has you a pass?" I told him that we had none, and he stated, "Well, no one but a general's allowed to go cross heah without a pass," whereupon I informed him that I was a General Officer and he thereupon exclaimed: "I begs youah pawdon, suh, am dese youah substitutes?" referring to Major Bentley and Captain Chase; I told him they were, and so he let us pass.

Near the Cote-de-Mousson we went out on the main road along the river where we found our engineer troops filling up large holes that had been dug underneath the road without destroying the surface as traps for tanks and other military vehicles that might pass. It was here, at our extreme outpost, that I saw a group of German officers and among them one wearing a pair of glasses, who was smoking a cigar with such an air of contemptuous superiority as he gazed upon our soldiers filling up a tank trap, that I sincerely regretted that the

war had terminated without his having learned its lessons. I confess to an itching desire to "beat" him.

Nancy is the old capital of Lorraine, which was formerly a duchy independent of France. The last Duke left his crown to his father-in-law Stanislaus, the deposed King of Poland, who very greatly beautified the city, notably in the design and construction of the public square, which is one of the architectural gems of Europe. On one side of the square is the Hotel de Ville. On two other sides are buildings of uniform appearance, while on the fourth side is a lower structure, all of great architectural beauty. Connecting the buildings all around the square are great iron gates and fences, the work of John Lamour, said to have been the world's greatest iron worker. His work also adorns the balustrades around the windows of the square. We had a modest dinner at "Les Oiseaux," which cost us over \$6.00 each, so great is the cost of food at the hotels and restaurants of France—a rum omelet cost \$3.60—a fair indication of prevailing prices.

In and About Verdun

From Nancy, where we stayed all night, we ran through Toul back to St. Mihiel, where we had luncheon with General Davis, a gentleman whom it is always a pleasure to meet. From here we continued down the Meuse through Genicourt and Haudainville to Verdun—the city around which this Great War has staged its bloodiest tragedies. The city is not altogether, though very greatly, destroyed. It was at the time of our visit the scene of the greatest possible military activity. As we approached its walls we passed innumerable trains and troops, and within its borders thousands of Americans and French soldiers. The citadel is a great hill comprising many acres of ground through which, beneath 100 feet of dirt and the barracks and houses that crown the top, are innumerable chambers and passages, used as headquarters for the commandant, as canteens, kitchens, mess halls, hospitals and sleeping apartments; these we were shown through by an officer detailed for the purpose by the commanding officer. On the day of our arrival at Verdun and the next day we encountered thousands of soldiers belonging to the 26th American Division, formerly commanded by Major General Clarence Edwards. This division had seen hard and bloody service at the front and was now returning to the rear. The men bore every evidence of the terrible strain which they had undergone. Our attention was directed, a few days earlier, to the fact that every soldier who had seen service in the battle lines told the story of his experiences chiefly in the hollowness of his eyes. We found this to be true, and every man that we passed in this battle-torn division plainly told in his eyes and on his face the tragic story.

There being no accommodations near by, we returned to Bar-le-Duc for meals and accommodations for the night. On our way we stopped at Souilly, where we found Lieutenant General Liggett, the Commander of the First Army, and next to General Pershing himself the most conspicuous figure of the war, who was three years ahead of me at West Point. The soldiers had made a spotless town of Souilly. The General handed me his own private map showing the location of the several corps and divisions of his command. We found rooms and had meals at a large hotel maintained by the Y. M. C. A. in Bar-le-Duc. A Japanese Major-General with his son were guests at the hotel.

The next morning we returned to Verdun. Here, the commandant of the citadel was kind enough to detail an Adjutant to accompany us out to the forts along the north of the city. This officer, whose name I do not recall, has been in and around Verdun throughout the war. He was stationed for two years in Fort de Souville, to which he first conducted us. This is one of a series of forts crowning hills at a distance of from three to six or eight miles from the city. This fort now resembles a heap of rubbish. Every wall or building that formerly entered into its composition has been battered down. It may be said that neither within this fort nor, indeed, at any place for miles around, is there a square foot of ground that is not included within a shell hole. The greater majority of these holes were made by the German 77mm. guns, and are usually five or six feet in diameter and two or three feet in depth, but interspersed with these little fellows are the great holes made by heavy guns—some of these are fully twenty feet across and eight to ten feet in depth. In Fort de Souville there remained only two disappearing steel turrets with their 155mm. guns still in good working order. The turret within which this gun is located rises four or five feet when the gun is discharged, the turret then returning to its resting place while the gun is reloaded. The massive steel plates crowning these turrets showed numerous glancing hits by massive projectiles.

From here, we drove over to Fort Douaumont, the scene of the greatest and bloodiest struggles of the war. On our way over, we discovered that the intervening country is a continuous cemetery. The crosses of dead French and German soldiers appear on every hand. It is a tragic circumstance that many men were buried in the banks of the trenches right where they fell—it would have been impossible under the stream of shot and shell then flying to have buried them elsewhere. It is said that tens of thousands of men are buried with no mark to indicate their final resting places. Our guide informed us that during the course of the war the French had suffered over 400,000 casualties

around Verdun and the Germans 600,000—nearly half of these figures represent men actually killed.

Douaumont, like its sister forts, is torn beyond recognition. Here and there, in and around Verdun, are cemeteries within which may be seen in long, impressive lines the crosses of thousands of dead French soldiers, each patriotically adorned with the tri-color of France.

Leaving Verdun we proceeded down the Meuse through Bras and Charnay to a desolate and absolutely forsaken spot where was nailed the sign, "This was Forges." From here through Bethincourt, Malancourt, Montfaucon, Mantillois, Cunel and Bantheville to Dun-sur-Meuse, we passed through absolutely the most war-stricken region that we have seen in France, excepting only the country surrounding the forts at Verdun. Every town is a heap of ruins and rubbish. Every tree has been cut down by cannon fire. Nearly every square rod of ground shows the effect of cannon fire. An American aeroplane with its nose sunk into the ground marked the spot where some American aviator and possibly his accompanying observer met their final fates. A number of French tanks, with their 75mm. and machine guns still in place were the obvious victims of German cannon fire. Rows of graves near which, marked merely with the bayonet of the soldier, indicated where these brave tank men had found a final resting place. This ground was not only the scene of terrific conflicts between the Germans and the French, but was the axis of advance of the American troops during the past few weeks. American graves, single or in groups, were encountered everywhere, marked frequently with a cross, but often merely with a stick or a bayonet. On this cross or stick was the dead man's steel helmet and his identification tag. In a little clump of bushes near a German machine gun emplacement was a piece of board upon which was written: "Here lie seven unidentified German soldiers." German and American steel helmets were scattered here and there for miles and miles, several of which were brought back as souvenirs. Accompanying these sights were wrecked guns and caissons and limbers and trucks, while all over France, wherever war has raged, may be found cannon ammunition in the greatest profusion; down on the Marne, where the first battle was fought, German ammunition still may be found in enormous quantities.

The extent toward which the Americans have contributed to the desolation of the region, that of the Argonne Forest, which I am describing may be understood when I state that General Allen told us that his brigade of artillery shot 69,000 rounds in 24 hours; this would cost, I imagine, not less than \$2,000,000.

We found Major General H. T. Allen, a West Point class mate of mine, at Mouzay. He is in command of the Ninetieth

Division and informs me that his division suffered substantially 7,500 casualties. He was located in a house formerly occupied by German soldiers as a club, as appears by a German sign on the building. In passing I may mention, that all of that part of France that has been occupied by the Germans throughout the war contains signs in German giving road directions, names of streets, etc. General Allen's chief signal officer has been Lieutenant Colonel Nolan, who served with us at Camp Kearny. Major Andrews, a grandson of General Schofield, is on his staff; his chief of staff being Colonel Kingman, son of General Kingman, now deceased, a classmate of Colonel Willard Young. We remained all night in Mouzay, having been billeted in the homes of some of the French people who had remained there throughout the war. The good people with whom I stayed described how the Crown Prince rode, by hores or automobile, nearly every day down through the village from Stenay, his place of residence, to the battle front at Verdun. They had seen the Kaiser, the King of Bavaria, and nearly all of the great German soldiers pass their home during the war. They did not picture the Germans as being excessively cruel, but complained that they compelled all the inhabitants to work at the miserable pittance of about two cents per hour. For some unaccountable reason, the returning Germans shelled the town with ordinary and gas shells after evacuating it and before the arrival of any American troops. General Allen carries a little electric plant, run by gasoline, with his headquarters, with which he provides a small circuit of electric lights.

On to Sedan

The next morning we visited Stenay and saw the chateau in which the Crown Prince lived for a period of more than six months while he was directing the operations of his army at Verdun. We attempted to go northward on the right bank of the river to Sedan, but were stopped by an American sentry who informed us that his orders were to prevent anyone from crossing over to the German lines just beyond. In view of this we returned to Sassey, crossed the Meuse and proceeded northward to Sedan through Beaumont, Rancourt, Angecourt and Remilly, but at the last named place learned from the officers of the Algerian French troops that we could not proceed along the river, but would be compelled to take back into the interior, certain bridges having been destroyed. Our interview with these officers was very amusing, inasmuch as we attempted to explain our object in French, to which they listened with great patience, and replied in impeccable English. Through this country we saw a great many German gardens, principally of cabbage, some of it red cabbage. We also saw thousands of German prisoners on

their way to Sedan to form a part of the grand triumphal entry into that city which was scheduled for the following day.

We were not permitted to enter the city of Sedan, but obtained a view of it from the opposite bank. We were particularly interested in the city of Sedan, not merely because of the part which it has played in this war but chiefly of the fact that it is the place where Napoleon III and his army surrendered to the Germans nearly fifty years ago.

It was at this point that we came in contact with a great number of returning French prisoners. They were oddly clad and smiling their contentment on returning to France. Without exception, however, they were all thin and pale, and showed indications of lack of proper nourishment and the strain undergone in the German prison camps.

Scenes About Reims, the Cathedral City

From Sedan we proceeded southeasterly through Le Chesne, Vouziers, Jouviville to the city of Reims, which we reached just at Sunset. For four years Germans have been within shelling distance of this city. The fields are scarred with trenches and encumbered with endless meshes of barbed wire. The roads are all camouflaged. Here and there we saw German and French trenches in the closest touch with each other. From the hill over which we approached the city, it appeared to be a most attractive spot, but as we rode into its streets, we found nothing but desolation; not a person moved within those ruined precincts. From the distance the city appeared to be almost intact, but we discovered that there is not a house within its limits that is not completely ruined—except as to thirteen buildings which in some degree are susceptible of habitation. Block after block as we proceeded along the street car tracks from which cars have long since disappeared, and on either hand as far as we could see up and down the cross streets, there was nothing but ruin and desolation—every roof was shattered and every wall was pierced. The inhabitants had flown to other parts of France, and that which five years ago must have been one of France's most populous, beautiful and attractive cities, is now, it seems certain, destroyed beyond the possibility of repair. One speculates as to the future of this city. For my part, I cannot see that it can ever be restored. Has it, in fact, ended its career as a city, or will those who have called it home and love its memories return to restore and rebuild it with infinite cost and labor?

Near the cathedral we found a few soldiers and civilians there, as we were, to gaze at the beauties of this wonderful structure and to mourn over its profanation. I have seen many of the most sublime and beautiful buildings of the world, but with-

out hesitation I declare the Reims Cathedral, even in its partly ruined condition, to be the most sublime of them all. Fortunately the front of the building is opposite the German lines, and so far as I was able to see, has not suffered a single shot. The rear and sides received many hits and the two towers are considerably injured. I am happy in the belief that the building can be restored—I trust that under the treaty of peace this will be required of Germany. I must add, however, that in view of the great destruction that the rest of the city has suffered it appears to me that the Germans have not deliberately shot to destroy the Cathedral—that they have made it their target from time to time is no doubt certain, but I feel assured that if they had deliberately set out to demolish the building they could have done so during the four years that it has been within easy range of their guns.

The Cathedral is impressive in its great proportions; its grace and symmetry are harmonious beyond description, while its carvings and finer work are exquisitely beautiful. The softened light of the setting sun added an indescribable charm to the scene. There can never be erased from my memory the spectacle of this noble building to which cling so many of the historic memories of France. How superbly this building must have dominated the scene throughout its long history of peace! How still more sublimely do its shattered walls and pinnacles overlook the melancholy ruins and desolate fields that now surround it.

Down the Marne to Paris

We spent the night at Epernay, taking dinner at a charming little hotel where a meal costs six and one-half francs, that cost precisely double the price in Paris the next day.

The following day we ran down the Marne into Paris, passing on the way through the battlefield of Chateau Thierry, where the American troops first distinguished themselves, and where we found innumerable evidences of recent warfare, including the melancholy sight of numerous American graves.

We arrived in Paris on a historic day, that of the removal from the monuments erected in the Place de la Concorde of the crepe that has adorned these monuments ever since the Franco-Prussian War. All Paris was on the streets throughout the day, and the greater portion of the night, aeroplanes swept the sky and even skimmed along the Seine. The procession containing 150,000 people marched from the Arc de Triumph to the Place de la Concorde wearing wreaths. Many veterans of the former war were in the procession, gray-haired and gray-bearded like the veterans of our Civil War. The joy of the people was intense and unbounded. The Americans and the English joined

with the French in enthusiasm. The Americans were particularly the objects of French admiration. Our little party was surrounded on several occasions by groups of young men and young women, dancing a sort of ring-around-the-roses, much to the delight of the spectators and somewhat to our own confusion. We learned afterwards—and not before, much to our regret—that the customary way of breaking the circle is to kiss the girls. We were each covered with confetti. The hundreds, perhaps thousands of German cannon had been parked here and there throughout the city, but the people helped themselves to them, and the next day they were scattered all over Paris.

End of the Conflict

Our return trip was made in two days, Tours being our intermediate resting place. We left Captain Chase at Paris, where he was able to take a train for his station at Clermont-Ferrand.

Thus was concluded a journey that will forever remain one of the most vivid and impressive experiences of my life. It was our privilege to go from one end to the other of the entire front line, occupied by the American troops. We beheld these troops and their German enemies in precisely the same positions that they occupied when the great war sounded its last harsh note. The troops were in their bivouac and trenches, and machine guns and cannon remained where they had fired their final shots. The command posts of company, battery, battalion, regimental and general headquarters remained unmoved. There was, indeed, complete preparation and readiness on all hands to meet any treachery that might manifest itself. Supply and ammunition trains were still functioning. Indeed, it was as if the battle had just ceased for a moment, and all were pausing for its renewal. These conditions existed only for a few hours longer. Even now, after the lapse of two weeks, these lines have completely disappeared. The armies of occupation are marching to their positions along the Rhine, while all of the troops are retiring to permanent quarters in the rear. It will never again be possible to see this scene clothed in the full panoply of war. Countless thousands will visit the scenes of this great struggle, and they will be impressive in their desolation; but the ruins will be mossgrown, and grass will be found in the shell craters. The life of the scene, as we had the privilege of beholding it, will have departed, and only the imagination can call back, and that feebly, the grim and heroic figures that we saw, or animate the scene with the myriad movements and bustle that mark the presence of a great army.



The Song of the Chinook

O-o-o-h! O-O-O-h! O-O-O-H!

My warm breath sweeps the fields of snow
As over hill and dale I go;
I melt the ice-frills from the trees
And sift the rain-drops through the breeze;
I sigh where rivulets are bound
With Winter's chains to frozen ground;
I melt the frost links one by one
Until the crystal streamlets run!

O-o-o-h! O-O-O-h! O-O-O-H!

At night when all the lamps are lit
Around the chimney-tops I flit;
I tick-tack on the window pane
With mammoth drops of winter rain;
I shake the casements and the door,
And through the tree-tops wail and roar;
I squeeze the water from the snow
And puff my cheeks, and blow and blow!

O-o-o-h! O-O-O-h! O-O-O-H!

My voice sounds mournful when I sing,
Although my songs are songs of spring;
I tell of days when sap will run
And song-birds greet the golden sun—
Of days when blossoms bright and fair
Spray priceless perfumes on the air—
Of days when rose-buds will unfold
And love's old tale will be re-told!

H. R. Merrill

The Extremity

By Nephi Jensen

"Here is a ticket to Jasper, Florida, and \$6.35 with which to purchase your meals tomorrow, and transportation from Jasper to Istachatta, Florida, your destination. You will reach your destination day after tomorrow morning."

It was the secretary of the Southern States mission who spoke. His remarks were addressed to Elder Arthur Brown, who was just stepping on to the train at Chattanooga, Tennessee, which was to take him on his way to his assigned field of evangelical activities. The secretary had correctly figured the sum of money necessary to pay for the three meals and the ticket from Jasper to the town with the unpronounceable name. But he had inadvertently left out of account a contingency which was to bring the young elder prematurely face to face with the stern realities of missionary life.

The secretary, however, was acting in full accord with the policy of the mission in sending Elder Brown out of Chattanooga with just enough money to pay actual transportation to his appointed field of labor, and closely figured incidentals. Elder Elias Kimball, who was the President of the Southern States mission at the time, was a very pronounced believer in the idea that a missionary's usefulness did not commence until he had been deprived of every human prop and support, and had been compelled to place his trust solely in the strength of God. In putting into effect this policy, he inaugurated and enforced rigorously the rule of having his elders travel without "purse or scrip."

Elder Brown took the ticket and money, and entered the train blissfully assured he would have a pleasant, uninterrupted journey to southern Florida. All went well until the following evening, when he reached Jasper, and suddenly discovered that the secretary had made a mistake. His train out of Jasper did not leave until 8 a. m., the following morning. The \$5.35 which he had left was exactly the price of the ticket he must purchase in the morning. But he was without means for obtaining lodging for the night. He could not stroll into a hotel and register with the carefree air of one who had unlimited finances to back up his bluff. Nor were there friends at hand to give him aid. And the thought that he had entered upon a calling which, in

Florida, at that time, was very much despised, only added to his already deepening sense of humility.

"Mormon" elders had actually been mobbed out of the town just a few weeks before. He, however, was spared the disquieting knowledge of this fact. But as it was, he was having the sternest experience of his life. Without purse or scrip or friends, he was for the first time in his life compelled to turn to the Friend of Friends. With a completely mellowed spirit, he breathed a silent prayer that the hotel keeper might be disposed to lodge him for the night. It was the kind of prayer that Coleridge speaks of as "the very highest energy of which the human mind is capable." And it prevailed. The very proprietor of the town hostlery who had aided and abetted the mobbing of the elders a few weeks before took the young elder in.

It was an entirely new world that Elder Brown opened his eyes upon the next morning. The deep experience of the night before had so intensified and purified his sensibilities that trees and sky, and the commonest things, seemed infinitely fairer than ever before. Once for all, he had learned that it is not novelty that gives joy, but intensity of appreciation of the commonplace.

He had passed through the narrows. God had walked by his side. That greatest of all thoughts, "I cried, and God heard me," was his. It had completely purged his soul of its coldness and hardness, and in his heart deep gratitude had taken the place of hollow gaiety, and pride had turned to gentle meekness.

As he walked to the depot, he felt the most ineffable kindness for every creature. Passing a real southern negro, who had never in his life been greeted by a white man, Elder Brown in a most cordial way said, "Good morning."

"Wa'd—er—er you say, captain?" responded the colored man, half dumbfounded. When the elder, with even more warmth repeated the salutation, the negro said very hesitatingly, "Wall I—I recon it is."

The negro could not understand it. A white man in a frock coat had actually said good morning to him! It was the miracle of miracles. To him it seemed as if the whole course of human nature had changed. And so it had. The elder's soul, by the magic contact with God, had passed through a spiritual fluxing and had been cleansed of the spirit of this world, with its accompanying pride and vanity. Gone were all thoughts of fame and selfish pleasure. And yet the riches of riches were his. For he had become sincerely "poor in spirit," and thereby become heir to "the kingdom of heaven."

The Passing of the Deseret Museum

By James E. Talmage, Director

In 1869, the institution that later came to be known as the Deseret Museum had its beginning in a small two-roomed adobe house, which stood near the southeast corner of the site now covered by the Deseret Gymnasium tennis courts, adjoining the majestic Hotel Utah. It was then known as the Salt Lake City Museum and Menagerie. Indeed, the little establishment was more menagerie than museum then and for several years following.

As the collections increased, and as the inanimate exhibits came to overshadow the "zoo" feature, and more particularly because the diminutive building was needed for other purposes, the Museum was given a somewhat more roomy home in a two-story adobe structure on the ground now occupied by the Vermont building, nearly opposite the south entrance to Temple Block.

The establishment of the Salt Lake City Museum and Menagerie was a private enterprise. In the late 70's the institution became the possession of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and for several years thereafter it was fostered directly by the Church as a means of public education. Then, in 1885, the custody of the Museum was vested in the Salt Lake Literary and Scientific Association, a corporate body founded to promote interest in educational pursuits. The name Deseret Museum had by this time been officially adopted.

Through sale of the ground, in 1890, another removal became necessary; and the collections were housed in the Templeton building, then one of the newest and most nearly up-to-date structures in the city. In this, the third abiding place of the institution, such exhibits as the limited space would accommodate were opened to the public in January 1891.

In 1893 the Museum underwent a fourth installation, this time on the top floor of a new and relatively commodious structure, erected by the Salt Lake Literary and Scientific Association, on First North between First and Second West streets, and known as the Church University building. Here the collections were exhibited from March 1893 to July 1903. Then

another change came about, and this entailed the suspension of the Museum as an open institution for a term of seven years.

Title to the Church University building had been transferred as part of an endowment gift to the University of Utah; and, when the University removed to its splendid campus on the East Bench, the ownership of the building passed to the State, thence to Salt Lake City, and next to the Salt Lake City Board of Education, under whose administration it is now in service as the science and laboratory quarters of the West Side High School.

In the meantime another change of proprietorship had been effected. Through the inability of the Salt Lake Literary and Scientific Association to maintain the Museum, the title thereof reverted; and, at the Association's request, in November, 1899, the Church assumed its many liabilities and few assets. As to whether the Deseret Museum belonged to the one list or the other was at the time of transfer problematical.

From July, 1903, to July, 1910, the collections remained in storage, though the Museum was by no means dead, as uninterrupted activity in adding to the collections was maintained, mostly through exchange with larger and richer institutions.

Meanwhile the Vermont had been erected as a modern office building; though one entire floor, with parts of two other floors, and a section of the basement, had been arranged with a view to museum purposes. As stated, the Vermont covers the site of the building which constituted the second home of the Museum; and with due confession of sentimental emotions, be it said, that in the installation the Director had his offices established over the actual spot on which had once stood the old house of sun-dried bricks, wherein his worthy predecessors had striven so devotedly to keep the institution alive, under conditions of real poverty, both as to equipment and personal remuneration.

On July 11, 1911, the Deseret Museum was again opened, and continued in active operation until the early part of August, 1918. At first a small admission fee was charged, with liberal provisions for exemption in the case of school classes and other organizations; but this was soon abolished, and the institution was made free to the public.

In this brief treatment no attempt will be made to pay tribute to the devoted and sacrificing efforts of those who served the struggling institution throughout the first three decades of its history. This has been attempted though but partly accomplished in an earlier writing. A fairly comprehensive account was published in August, 1911, as a well illustrated pamphlet, entitled "Deseret Museum Bulletin, New Series No. 1." See

also *Improvement Era* of that month, which issue is No. 11 of Volume 14.

Since the installation in the Vermont building, the Director has been ably assisted by Sterling B. Talmage, B. S. as Curator, upon whom indeed has rested the greater responsibility in the actual operation of the Museum, and to whose service and skill the effective classification of the exhibits is largely due. We have been also aided by a succession of devoted assistants, none of whom, however, had any previous training in museum science. Among such are the following, named in the order of their employment: William Forsberg, Guglielmo Sangiovanni, who, by the way, had been the curator of the menagerie in the beginning, Brigham S. Young, George Hilton, and John U. Schow. In the office work, labeling, etc., efficient service has been rendered successively by Miss Eva Forsberg, Miss Louise Dansie and Miss Helga Pedersen.

The Deseret Museum has received a liberal measure of approval and patronage. Since its reopening in the Vermont building, it has constituted one of the many philanthropies of the miscalled "Mormon" Church. For the last three years of its history its registered visitors have averaged approximately 4,000 per month.

For over a quarter of a century the Deseret Museum has been a member of the Museums Association, with headquarters in London; and likewise a member of the American Association of Museums since the establishment of the national organization in 1906.

Material, particularly of a mineralogical value, has gone forth from the Deseret Museum to many of the great museums of America, including the National Museum, and to several of the most prominent museums in Great Britain and in the countries of continental Europe.

Years ago the institution had far outgrown its quarters; and as the utilization of increased space in the Vermont building appeared impracticable, particularly so in view of the fact that, excepting the rooms already occupied for museum purposes, the building was poorly adapted to such needs, a decision was reached early in 1918 to the effect that the building be vacated and that other accommodations be provided for the Museum collections. This change involves more than a mere removal and reinstallation; it means a distinct segregation into two separate series of exhibits.

The Museum has never been exclusively an institution of science, history, or art. Nevertheless, it has been far from nondescript. The exhibits throughout are choice and of well classified display. There has been no throwing together of

unrelated material. Its invaluable collections of minerals, fossils, paleontological casts, models of plants, mounted birds, mammals and reptiles, its small but useful exhibits of mounted insects, its extensive and wide-range accumulations of shells, corals, etc.—these and many other aggregations were primarily brought together as teaching material, and to such purposes it is now intended to apply them. This division we shall designate Section 1 of the Deseret Museum, as it has been displayed since July 1911.

Section 2 comprises the splendid collections illustrative of the life of the Cliff Dwellers, including human remains and artifacts, and other extensive exhibits of an ethnological character, particularly relating to the American Indians and the Pacific Islanders.

Section 3 includes a large accumulation expressive of pioneer life in Utah, and that of the pioneers before their intrepid invasion and successful subjugation of this part of the erstwhile Great American Desert. This is distinctively the "Mormon" section of the Museum; and the story it tells is an enduring testimony to the vitality of the religious system professed and lived, as well in early poverty as in later plenty, by the people who are even now so imperfectly understood by the world at large.

The radical change now inaugurated in the Deseret Museum status involves no breaking up nor scattering of the priceless collections, which have been garnered through a half century of devoted and unremitting labor; but instead, a cleavage of the material along a well defined and predetermined plane.

The collections embraced in Section 1 referred to above have been transferred to the Latter-day Saints University, in connection with which institution adequate and otherwise suitable space has been provided in the new Joseph F. Smith Memorial Building. This installation will be known as the L. D. S. University Museum.

Sections 2 and 3 are provided for in a specially constructed building on Temple Block, adjoining the Bureau of Information. The ground floor is occupied by cases containing the ethnological material, while the spacious balcony is devoted to the display of pioneer and historical collections. Special provision has been made for the first log cabin built within the present boundaries of Salt Lake City. This interesting relic is kept intact, set up on a suitable platform under a pagoda shelter. This installation of Sections 2 and 3 will be known as the L. D. S. Church Museum.

The Deseret Museum as a unified institution now passes into history. It would be ambiguous, and indeed unfair to the

institution's past, to continue its distinguishing name as that of either of the segregated divisions. And the writer's urgent and long-standing request—to be relieved of the directorship because of the imperative demand of other duties—has been granted. So with this closing chapter of the Deseret Museum's history, he retires from museum service, though without the least abatement of interest in museums as institutions indispensable to the adequate education and betterment of the people. He has had charge of the Deseret Museum since January, 1891. His services have been willingly rendered as a contribution of interest and devotion to the cause, and not for pecuniary compensation.

The change means progress, not retrogression, enlargement not shrinkage. Each of the offshoots is set in fertile soil with favorable atmosphere, and it is not too much to hope and expect that each shall surpass the record of the original, but now honorably terminated, Deseret Museum.

Noble Words

As I have wandered along life's weary road,
I have looked for something that would ease my load,
I have waited and listened with a silent dropped tear,
When Words, Noble Words, say, "Lo, I am here."

A black cloud hangs over. I am weary and sad,
Bereft of my friends, the best that I had,
Lonely and bleak as winter's cold snow,
When Words, Noble Words, with cheer say, "Hello!"

Words, Noble Words, like the opening of spring,
With bright blooming flowers and birds on the wing,
Come chirping to me and those who are dear.
Words, Noble Words! What have I to fear?


Like fire from the lips of the Shepherd and King,
That made Bethlehem's plains like music ring,
He commissioned his loved ones and sent them abroad,
With Words, Noble Words, in the service of God.

The cloud of night's darkness, that was seen in the sky,
Has spent all its fury and forever gone by.
Away, far away from envy and strife
Come Words, Noble Words, from the Fountain of Life.

Before closing my theme, just let me here say,
The voice of the dear ones that have long passed away,
Like songs of my youth, still hums in my ear,
Yes, Words, Noble Words, that comfort and cheer.

Francis McDonald.

EDITORS' TABLE



Greeting

To the Officers and Members of the Y. M. M. I. A.:

Dear Brethren: It is thought proper that the new superintendency of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations should send you a word of salutation, which we wish also may be a word of encouragement to both officers and members.

We begin our labors as a superintendency under circumstances wherein there are some elements, not of discouragement, but of irregularity leading to momentary confusion.

Like nearly every other organization of our modern, complex life, our associations have been affected by the World War, now happily drawing to a close in what will soon be called the Paris Peace Treaty. During the war very many of our officers and members have been enlisted in the service of our country as officers and soldiers, marines and sailors, in the army and the navy, while many others have been engrossed in war activities at home, to an extent that the work of our associations has been greatly impaired. To the hindrances that the war has intruded upon us must also be added those produced by the plague of influenza, which accompanied the last few months of the war, and which still lingers, here and there, in the land. This plague made necessary the discontinuance of our regular association meetings, and disconcerted our plans with respect to the regular program of our Mutual Improvement work.

With the close of the war, and the abatement of the plague, however, and the return of many of our officers and members from the pursuit of war activities to normal conditions of civil life, we hope for a renewal of intense activity in the work of our Improvement Associations.

The regular program work for 1918-1919 has been practically lost to the associations for the reasons above mentioned, but the committee on summer program and outdoor activities has provided a most attractive and excellent course for the summer season—which appears in this number of the *Era*—and this we hope will be followed with a zest that will give evidence of the hunger that exists for improvement work, after a period of enforced suspension of it. In this connection it should be stated that the Man-

uals for the Senior and Junior class departments will be used as the Manuals for the season of 1919-1920.

There will soon issue in pamphlet form and also appear in the *Era* a restatement of the basic principles and aims of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church, together with a more thorough analysis and synthesis of the organization and the work we intend shall be accomplished. In connection with this there will be a reorganization of the standing committees of the General Board, with a more specific assignment of department work, the purpose being, of course, the attainment of greater efficiency in all the subdivisions of M. I. A. activities. In all this we invite the active co-operation of all stake and ward organizations, as well as of individual officers and members, and of the stake and ward authorities of the Church.

Our message to you, dear brethren, is that a new and more intense interest is to be awakened in Mutual Improvement organization and work. The need of the work grows more manifest with the passing years. The objectives of Mutual Improvement remain the same that they have ever been, *viz.*, "the establishment of individual testimony of the truth and magnitude of the great latter-day work," in the hearts of our youth; "the development of the gifts within them, that have been bestowed upon them by the laying on of hands of the servants of God; cultivating a knowledge, and an application of the eternal principles of the great science of life." Nobler purpose than this cannot be formulated; wider scope for intellectual effort is inconceivable; a greater field for helpful service to our fellow-men is not to be found—the work is all-embracing in its very nature; and in this work the new superintendency invites your hearty co-operation with them, with a renewal of interest and an intensified determination to make Mutual Improvement work even more successful than in the past.

*Anthony W. Ivins,
Brigham H. Roberts,
Richard R. Lyman,*

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

Outward Ordinances

There is a tendency in the world, and by the world we mean the mass of men and women who are hostile to the truth and to the true followers of Christ, to belittle the outward ordinances of the gospel. By the outward ordinances we mean, among others, baptism and the laying on of hands for the gift of the

Holy Ghost. Men often say, "If we have faith in God and Christ, and treat all mankind with respect, living righteous lives, it makes little difference about accepting baptism and other outward ordinances, which are merely 'outward signs of an inward grace,' and of little import. Neither does it matter who performs these ceremonies and ordinances."

This attitude is a radical fallacy. Baptism is perhaps not the main thing in the gospel, but it is just as important as faith in God, and repentance of sin. Without it, two essential necessities to spiritual growth cannot take place: entrance into the Church of Christ, and remission of sins. And the act must be performed by one having authority.

Jesus condemned the Pharisees, it is true, for over-emphasizing little things, and forgetting the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and faith. He said on one occasion: "Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone" (Luke 11:42). In thus speaking, Jesus condemned hypocrisy, not the payment of tithes, fasting, nor any other outward act commanded of God.

Our Lord and Master in his life emphasized the need of conforming to certain ordinances and outward forms. He submitted to baptism by John, in accordance with the will of God the Father in whom he had implicit faith, although he stood in no need of repentance. Having no sins to confess, he still showed a desire, nevertheless, to fulfil the law of righteousness, by being baptized; and the Father was well pleased with his act. When he came to John to ask baptism at his hands, John forbade him, saying: "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me? And Jesus answering, said unto him: Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

It would appear from this, therefore, that outward ordinances are just as important as inward grace, and cannot be dispensed with, without a stultification of growth.

The ceremony of baptism was not the main thing, but it was just as necessary as faith. Faith alone would not have fulfilled all righteousness. It was not an empty formality, or Jesus would not have submitted to it; it was a law of righteousness.

Why is baptism necessary? For two reasons: it is the door by which men and women may enter the kingdom of God, and

Christ has said, "He that entereth not by the door unto the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." Secondly, it is for the remission of sins, and without baptism, sin is not remitted, neither can one receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. Peter said in answer to the cry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" coming from the devoted men of every nation gathered to hear his Pentecostal speech: "Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

It is true that faith and repentance, which are inward feelings, must precede baptism, in order to make it effective. But we cannot stop at faith and repentance, because if we do, we stop growth and development; and the blessings resulting from obedience to them cannot be realized unless we submit to these ordinances. Hence the ordinance of baptism is as essential as faith in God and repentance.

The Latter-day Saints do not view the outward ordinances as of secondary consideration. Each ordinance and principle of the gospel, is as essential as any other. All must be complied with, for they are all important. The Saints do not pay small attention to outward forms which by some have been termed the chaff of religion, but consider both principles and ordinances paramount. In fact, there is no chaff in true religion; ours is a true religion—the genuine gospel of our resurrected Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—hence, it is all wheat.

Faith and repentance are proved by works, and parts of these works are baptism, the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, and compliance with the commandments of God as set forth in the gospel of our Master. Neither principles nor ordinances were considered unimportant by Him. His condemnation was directed against self-righteousness and hypocrisy.

Books

The Sugar Beet in America, by F. S. Harris, Ph. D., Director and Agronomist of the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station, published by the McMillan Company, Rural Science Series, New York, price \$2.25, 342 pages, 32 plates, and numerous illustrations, with appendixes containing bibliography, American beet-sugar companies and factories, sugar statistics, and a valuable index to the contents of the book. While much has been written relating to sugar beets in America, within the past thirty years, much of this material is largely scattered in various publications, and it has been the design of this book, which has been well carried out, to gather the important facts regarding sugar beet production. The twenty chapters in the book, deal with important phases and conditions of this wonderful industry. The first two chapters treat of a general view and development of the industry and the following chapters, with the sugar beet plant, con-

ditions for growing sugar beets, soils, manuring and rotations, contracts, preparation of seed-bed and planting, cultural methods, irrigation and drainage, harvesting, by-products, pests and diseases, factors affecting quality of beets, production of sugar-beet seed, cost of producing beets, community aspects, sugar-growing, sugar-making, sugar cane, and world's use and supply of sugar. Altogether, not only the farmers who are raising sugar beets, and the agriculturists of the sugar companies, but the students of sugar beets in Agricultural colleges, will find the book a most wonderful help in their study and practice in this growing industry, and in familiarizing themselves with its many phases. It also discusses the world's sugar supply.

The author is by no means an inexperienced writer, there having recently appeared from his pen two books, *Principles of Agronomy*, which is being used as an agronomy text by practically all high schools of the West, and *The Young Man and His Vocation*, which has recently been added to the list of books being distributed to the United States Expeditionary Forces by the American Library Association. His latest contribution, "*Sugar-Beets in America*" is pronounced easily the most authoritative and practical treatise on sugar-beet production that has yet been written.

Agricultural College Experiment Station publications, Logan, Utah, recently issued, and can be obtained by those interested on request.

"Factors Affecting the Depth of Sowing Various Crops," bulletin No. 164, gotten out under the direct supervision of Dr. F. S. Harris, Director and Agronomist of the Station. A total of 17,280 determinations were made in the experiments.

"A Method of Feeding Orphan Lambs," by Dr. W. E. Carrol, animal husbandman, based on a very practical system by Mr. W. S. Hanson, of Collinston, Utah. In an actual test, practically 90 percent of a lot of orphans were so raised. Details in circular No. 33.

"Licensed Stallions in Utah During the Season of 1918," containing a list of owners and their addresses given by counties, and other valuable information on the subject. Circular No. 35.

"Legislation concerning Water Rights," circular No. 39; author, Professor A. W. Israelsen. Since 1903, Utah has spent \$75,000 in making surveys of river system, but has not yet completed the determination of any right.

"Field Beans," circular No. 37, containing Utah's experimental work, and important features of the experimental work and practices of the most successful bean producing sections in the United States, by Professor George Stewart. The publication contains 45 pages showing how to select seeds, prepare seed beds, plant, cultivate, irrigate, harvest, thrash, clean and grade the crops, explained in detail. There are numerous tables giving valuable statistics.

Manuals for 1919-1920

Owing to conditions which prevented the Y. M. M. I. A. from meeting for most of the season 1918-1919, the General Board has decided that the manuals in use for this year, for the Senior and Junior classes, shall be used for the next year, 1919-1920. A number of the associations took up special work for the balance of the season, following the opening in February, others used lessons from the manuals. But owing to the fact that there are 18 lessons in the manuals, it is believed that there will be ample good matter for the classes of 1919 and 1920, hence the decision. Manuals may be ordered at any time.

A Correction

In Charles F. Steele's thoughtful poem, "The Solitary Scribe," page 314, 8th line from the top, the printer and proof reader speak of "leaning" flames; needless to say the author wrote it "leaping" flames, and the couplet should read:

"He pauses—his eyes turn from the shining plates
Toward the leaping flames," etc.

Messages from the Missions

From Adelaide, the Land of Flowers

W. Charles Spence, writing from Unley, Adelaide, South Australia, January 5, says: "The *Era* is a wonderful missionary. Its deversified contents are to the liking of all, one man who is a good judge of literature said: 'The *Era* is my choice of magazines.' We heartily agree with him; so, kindly accept our thanks and gratitude for the assistance of such a worthy helper. Although impaired by lack of assistants, we are endeavoring to carry on the work of the Lord, feeling that it is his will that our bit should be done in this district. We receive valuable assistance from some of the members of the Church here. Our branch is not large, but it is in a thriving condition, and we are grateful for the companionship of such true Christians as we have found in this southern



climate. We love sunny Australia and its people. The land is one of flowers, such roses as you seldom see. Missionaries: top row, standing, Edward C. Phillips, retiring president, Ucon, Idaho; Parson U. Webster, Cedar city, Utah; W. Chas. Spence, Evanston, Wyoming. Sitting, J. Fred Potter and wife Cora W., Grace, Idaho.

Anti-"Mormon" Campaign Fails

President Charles F. Steele writes, March 11, from Georgia:

"Although the war drew many elders from our ranks, the work of the

Lord is making steady headway in the Empire state of the South. This week Elder Taylor, son of Bishop T. N. Taylor, of Provo, and I organized two new Sunday Schools. We have a church edifice under construction at Empire, Georgia, which will be ready for dedication, we trust, soon. At Savannah, a city which has not been canvassed for years, a notable work is being done. Recently two souls were baptized by Elder F. J. Burt, of Ogden. We have many other excellent prospects. In Atlanta, two representatives of the so-called National Reform Association of Pittsburgh, Dr. J. M. Tibbetts, an ordained Methodist minister, and Mrs. Lula Loveland Shepherd, of Salt Lake, launched a sensational anti-'Mormon' campaign, in January. The old thread-bare, boiler-plate, stereotyped, press-agent stuff was reheated with an extra dash of emotion, in the hope of swaying the southern mind. Their vile, money-making campaign of character-assassination was abortive. It fell flat, and they left the city crestfallen. The press ignored their chatter, and thinking men turned away in disgust. The most pronounced result of the month's 'warfare' was a healthy stimulus to 'Mormonism' and its blessed message of salvation."

Successful Street Meetings

Elder McKay Pugmire, writing from Albany, New York, November 16, says: "The *Era* is a very welcome visitor, anxiously looked for each month by all interested in the gospel in this city. It is a missionary in itself, and a great aid to us in spreading the message of truth. We are able to place it in the reading room of the Y. M. C. A. library, thus helping us to present the truth before the public. We have only five missionaries, but the work is going forward satisfactorily, and we rejoice to know that the people are



becoming more receptive to the truths of the gospel. We have liberal street privileges, and much good has been accomplished in the eight street meetings we have held during this season. We have found these meetings effective in reaching large numbers of people, and we have made many friends.

Books and pamphlets are always in demand. Elder, standing, Orson J.

Morgan, Salt Lake City; sitting, left to right: Alice Hatch, Woods Cross, Utah; A. Earl Worlton, Lehi, Utah; McKay Pugmire, St. Charles, Idaho (conference president); May I. Ingles, Ogden, Utah.

A Good Choir of Fifty

Fred L. Peterson, secretary of the Christiania mission, Norway, writes December 17, 1918: "These are the elders laboring in Norway, left to right standing: Hyrum P. Nokleby, Ogden, president of the Trondhjem conference; Fred L. Peterson, Tremonton, R. D. 2., Utah, secretary of the Christiania conference; sitting, John J. Plowman, Smithfield, president of the Christiania conference; Peter R. Johansen, Salt Lake City, traveling elder in the Christiania conference. We are well and enjoy our labors which are blessed of the Lord so that the work is not standing still, but continually progressing. Most of the Saints are diligent workers and are great helpers to us in preaching the gospel. The Christiania conference is the largest in the Scandinavian mission. We have a good choir of about 50 members, highly appreciated by both Saints and strangers. It is doing a good work in providing singing for our entertainments and meetings. Many are drawn to our meetings through the musical services, first to hear our singing, and finally to become interested members of the Church. The elders in Norway thank you for the *Era* which is always welcome, highly appreciated, and very beneficial in assisting us in our work of preaching the gospel."



Awarua's Peculiarities

Awarua is known, honored, despised, feared, and loved more than any other of the many similar, or even larger Maori settlements in the North Auckland district. It is "known for good and evil" throughout the whole of Ngapuhi. I venture to say that there is scarcely another similar place in the whole of Maoridom. "And why is it so peculiar?" Asks the new elder, or the ordinarily interested individual. "I see nothing to give me the slightest clue to its peculiarity, scarcely a half-dozen hand-hewn and rudely-constructed shacks making their humble appearances on the hilly points, or crouched where the axeman felled his last tree on his slow and almost impassable way through huge jungled forests." When he looks again, he sees that there is one or two small mill-sawn and painted homes, and a small rude church house. Civilization to Awarua has been extremely stingy with her dainty and artistic touch.

The mystery of Awarua's peculiarity is found deeper; yea, it reaches even to the very spiritual heart of Awarua: Awarua has had and now has her entire little army of men engaged in actual missionary work. Most of them hold the Melchizedek priesthood. They have traversed and re-traversed this Ngapuhi district as many times as a miser goes to his money chest. They have met their kinsmen in all their walks of life; they are always found at their duty's post expounding the gospel, meeting chieftain and clergyman who are not inclined to be friendly, but who find it impossible to confound the Maori ministers who didn't go to college. These

modern Nephite preachers of righteousness have been on missions of long duration into almost every district of New Zealand, often at great sacrifice. It may be explained that while Awarua has the largest percent of these local preachers, Ngapuhi as a whole has about sixty to which the above description applies.

To illustrate more fully the "core of steel" which these brethren have, the following incident will, I think, properly answer: Henare Pere had been called to go to Matauri, 75 miles distant to spend Sunday and preach. On the preceding Friday, his wife took very ill and remained so, but she was not willing that he miss his appointment to preach; hence, as he himself was anxious to fulfil his calling, he resolved to go. He also knew the power of prayer and fasting, and resolved to do both. Thereupon he rode the 75 miles on Saturday, stayed and preached at Matauri on Sunday, rode back on Monday, having fasted and prayed the whole of three days. He was not surprised to find his wife well, upon his return, but we can imagine his joy and satisfaction.

The Relief Society of Awarua has taken it upon themselves to build a church house, and are struggling successfully and triumphantly on, by giving basket socials, making and selling articles, such as mats, etc.

No wonder the eyes of Ngapuhi were turned toward Awarua, when the Spanish influenza was causing such an enormous amount of deaths all over Ngapuhi. Some no doubt wished for its destruction. The influenza attacked almost every inhabitant of the settlement, but not one case proved fatal—yet they had no doctors, no nurses, no patent medicine!

The regular religious gatherings were not suspended in Awarua, a condition, I believe, that existed nowhere else at least in the civilized world, during the visitation of the terrible plague.—Will they see the light?—*Elder A. Leonard Elledge, New Zealand.*

Three Baptized

The Newcastle Branch, N. S. W. Conference, Australia, is doing well, and all the Saints are energetic in the good work. The names on the photograph are as follows: Left to right: Ben Alward, Ruby M. Wadding-



ham, George Nancarrow, Roy Innis, Rene Innis, Walter J. Bailey, Florence P. Bailey. Sitting: Agnes R. Waddingham, Wm. H. Dittmore, Pleasant Grove; Leo G. Robertson, Springville, (presiding elder); James P. Clayton, Provo, (President Queensland Conference); Leonard D. Fuller, Eden, Utah. Children: Eric, Nita, and Walter Bailey. On the evening of the day this photo was taken, a baptism service was held by moonlight as I was to leave early next morning.—*James P. Clayton.*

Red Cross Unit Commended

Elder L. L. Palmer and Otto Mehr write from Indianapolis, Indiana, enclosing a picture of the Indianapolis missionary force, of the Southern Indiana conference. Left to right, back row: Carrie Hanson, Shelley, Idaho, Amelia Randall, Centerville, Utah; front row: Vloe B. Jackson, Randolph, Utah; Leslie L. Palmer, Raymond, Alta., Canada; and Otto Mehr, conference president. He says: "We are denied the privilege of street meetings, but are having much success in our cottage and hall meetings. We are using



the Book of Mormon quite extensively in our tracting, and find it a splendid way to remove prejudice. We have a branch of about one hundred people here who are energetic and zealous in spreading the truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Our Red Cross unit is extending every effort to do their best, and are commended by the authorities for their excellent work. We are anxious to receive the *Era*, and read its contents immediately upon receiving it."

Died in the Mission Field

Elder Herman Kerr Danielsen, of Lewiston, Cache county, Utah, died of pneumonia, Sunday, March 9, 1919, while laboring as a missionary in Great Britain. The First Presidency of the Church were notified of the death by cablegram from Elder George F. Richards, President of the European Mission. Elder Danielsen is the son of Herman H. and Clara J. Kerr Danielsen, and was born, August 30, 1890, in Lewiston, Cache county, Utah. He held the office of a Seventy and left for his mission, December 6, 1916.



MUTUAL WORK

M. I. A. Summer Work

The General Boards of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations consider it desirable to continue the meetings of the organizations during the summer months. Four series of programs are outlined under the captions: "Five Church Leaders," "Peace Conference Problems," "Patriotism and Citizenship," and "The Government Thrift Campaign." The first of these series is designed for the Sunday evening joint sessions; the second and third, for two other joint sessions during the month, and the "Thrift Campaign," one meeting each month. Officers may use their discretion as to method of presentation, giving them in lecture form, or in talks by a number of speakers, or in open forum discussion. If well prepared, they will be attractive and of real benefit to the young people.

The General Boards of the M. I. A. are pleased to co-operate with the United States Government in an educational campaign on Thrift. Stake officers will receive for distribution to ward officers special bulletins covering this work. Five subjects are suggested and these should be studied, one each month.

It is also designed to conduct a campaign for better personal health, home sanitation and improvement. This should be done through co-operation with the State Boards of Health.

This circular also contains information regarding the separate work of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' organizations.

Programs

ONE

Sunday Evening Joint Session, April 6, 1919

General Subject: "*Five Church Leaders.*"

Note.—This series of subjects should not be treated as biographical sketches, but the speakers should point out characteristics in each life which have special application to development of character, awakening in the young people inspiration and action.

Brigham Young—The Great Colonizer

Topics:

1. The Exodus from Missouri to Nauvoo.
2. The Exodus from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters.
3. Preparation and Organization for the Journey to the Rocky Mountains, under Direction of the Word and Will of the Lord.
4. The Mormon Battalion as Bearing on the Colonization of the West.
5. His Policy in Colonization in Utah, and in Exploring the Country Round About.
 - a. Irrigation.
 - b. Treatment of the Indians.

Application: The great opportunity for service; the value of willing service; the results of united effort.

References: History of the Church; Lives of Our Leaders; Life of Brigham Young, (for sale at Bureau of Information, price 15c); Jenson's Biographical Encyclopaedia.

TWO

Tuesday Evening, April 8

General Subject: "*Peace Conference Problems.*"

Note.—Only the first two subjects of this series are outlined. We await the decisions of the Peace Congress before outlining the other three. See May, June, and July issues of the *Era* and *Journal*.

References: Current magazines and newspaper articles; also the *Era* and *Journal*.

The Peace Conference

Topics:

1. Countries Participating.
2. The Representatives.
3. Brief Survey of Problems to be Considered.

THREE

Tuesday Evening, April 22

General Subject: "*Patriotism and Citizenship.*"

The Home

Topics:

1. What Constitutes a Good Home?
2. Sanitary Conditions Around a Home.
3. Pictures and Books in the Home.
4. Life in the Home.
 - a. Proper regard for one another's rights.
 - b. Unwritten laws of a home; what they are.
 - c. Spiritual life in the home. What is done daily to create a healthy spiritual life?

Describe—Lincoln's early days at home.

Washington's home at Mt. Vernon.

Roosevelt's home.

President Joseph F. Smith's home and home life.

Any other ideal home you may know about.

What do these homes suggest to you as a life's lesson?

Poem: "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

FOUR

General Subject: "*Thrift Education.*"

See Government Bulletins.

FIVE

Sunday Evening Joint Session, May 4

General Subject: "*Five Church Leaders.*"

John Taylor—A Champion of Liberty and an Apostle of Righteousness

Topics:

1. Sacrifices Made in Early Days.
2. Defense of the Cause.
 - a. Kirtland, Nauvoo, Carthage.
3. "The Kingdom of God or Nothing."
 - a. Every act of his life influenced by this thought.
 - b. The Jubilee year.
 - (1) Celebration of the 50th anniversary of the organization of the Church.

(2) Conference of 1880.

c. His death in exile, true to his principles.

Application: The adoption of this motto in your individual lives.

References: *Life of John Taylor*; *String of Pearls*.

SIX

Tuesday Evening, May 13

General Subject: "*Peace Conference Problems.*"

A League of Nations

Topics:

1. History of the Idea.
2. Purpose of a League of Nations.
3. Arguments against the Proposed Plan.
4. Arguments for the Proposed Plan.

References: *Outlook* for March 12, 1919; *Literary Digest*, March 8, 1919; "Constitution of the League of Nations" (pamphlet by League to Enforce Peace, 130 W. 42nd St., New York City); speech by Hon. B. H. Roberts, *Improvement Era*, April, 1919.

SEVEN

Tuesday Evening, May 27

General Subject: "*Patriotism and Citizenship.*"

Your Town or City

Note.—For these topics, any good texts on civil government will prove helpful. Every home has some text on civil government which has been used in the schools. The members studying these lessons will be compelled to rely on their own resources. Sometimes a topic can best be prepared by thinking about it, rather than reading about it.

Topics:

1. Location of Your City or Town.
2. Early Commerce and Trade.
3. Early Government and Laws.
4. Stories of Pioneers.
5. Early Schools and Libraries.
6. Your City and Town Today.
 - a. What important problems of city or town government have you to solve? (Special problems, like regulation of pool rooms, bill boards, weeds, etc.)
 - b. Make a list of important reforms needed in your town or city. How should they be solved? Give your own ideas.
 - c. What is good city or town government?
 - d. Name types of good city governments.

For preparation of this lesson consult pioneers or early records.

EIGHT

General Subject: "*Thrift Education.*"

See Government Bulletins.

NINE

Sunday Evening Joint Session, June 1

General Subject: "*Five Church Leaders.*"

Wilford Woodruff—The Great Missionary

Topics:

1. His One Great Desire to be a Preacher.
2. His Early Missions.
3. His Mission to Great Britain.

4. Enthusiasm for Work.

- a. Faithfulness in record keeping.
- b. Work as historian.

Application: What have you done to follow President Woodruff's example in acquainting your friends and the people with the great work of the Lord?

References: Wilford Woodruff; *Leaves from My Journal*.

TEN

Tuesday Evening, June 10

General Subject: "Peace Conference Problems."

For outline see May *Era* and *Journal*.

ELEVEN

Tuesday Evening, June 24

General Subject: "Patriotism and Citizenship."

The State

Topics:

1. Pioneers to Your State.
 - a. Types of people. Early communities.
2. Early Government of the State.
 - a. Describe Territorial form of Government.
3. Read the Constitution of Your State.
 - a. What was the Constitution of the State of Deseret? Read it. See Whitney's *History of Utah*.
4. The Schools of Your State.
5. How Your State is Governed.
6. Problems in Your State that Should be Solved. How?
7. Functions of Some of Your State Institutions, such as the State University, the Agricultural College, State Industrial School, State Mental Hospital.
8. How State Officers are Elected.

What is your state doing to make better roads? Better schools? Better laws? What are you doing as citizens to better the condition of your state?

TWELVE

General Subject: "Thrift Education."

See Government Bulletins.

THIRTEEN

Sunday Evening Joint Session, July 6

General Subject: "Five Church Leaders."

Lorenzo Snow—*A Deliverer of the Church from Financial Distress*

Topics:

1. His Labors in Co-operative Work.
 - a. Activities in Brigham City; a species of United Order.
 2. Revival of the Payment of Tithing.
 - a. Promises and the fulfilment.
 - b. Results. Blessings in a financial way to the people.
- Application:* Co-operation and service. "Pay your tithing and be blessed."

References: *Biography and Family Record of Lorenzo Snow*; an article in the June *Era*, 1919, dealing with the possible development of man through obedience to the Gospel: "As man now is, God once was, as God now is, man may become."

FOURTEEN

Tuesday Evening, July 8

General Subject: "*Peace Conference Problems.*"For outline see June *Era* and *Journal*.

FIFTEEN

Tuesday Evening, July 22

General Subject: "*Patriotism and Citizenship.*"*The United States of America*

Read the Preamble of the Constitution of the United States. Read the First Twelve Amendments, which are called the Bill of Rights. Why is the Preamble so beautiful in thought and meaning? Why is the Bill of Rights sacred to us?

Topics:

1. Why the United States is a Republic.
(Representative form of Government, based on the sovereign will of the people.)
2. Why we love the Constitution.
3. Problems Before our Country Today.
4. What is a Good American Citizen?

SIXTEEN

General Subject: "*Thrift Education.*"

See Government Bulletins.

SEVENTEEN

Sunday Evening Joint Session, August 3

General Subject: "*Five Church Leaders.*"*Joseph F. Smith—A Preacher and Exemplar of Righteousness**Topics:*

1. Gospel Doctrines.
See sermons of President Smith in Conference pamphlets, Church magazines and newspapers; an "Authoritative Declaration," *Era* May, 1918, p. 639; "Vision of the Redemption of the Dead," *Era*, Dec., 1918, and *Journal*, Jan., 1919; *Gospel Doctrine*, soon to appear in print, being printed for the Melchizedek Priesthood.
2. A Builder of Temples and Houses of Worship.
Canada, Hawaii, Stakes of Zion.
3. Financial Policy and Labors in Continuation of President Snow's Work.
Application: Value in character building of a knowledge of the Gospel.

EIGHTEEN

Tuesday Evening, August 12

General Subject: "*Peace Conference Problems.*"For outline see July *Era* and *Journal*.

NINETEEN

Tuesday Evening, August 26

General Subject: "*Patriotism and Citizenship.*"*Patriotism*

Patriotism means love of native land. Only good citizens can be truly patriotic to high ideals of government. A good citizen believes in laws and just government. "Obedience to law is Liberty."

Topics:

1. Define Patriotism. (See Dictionary.)
2. How to Develop Patriotism.
3. Make a list of true American Patriots in History.
Tell why these men are patriots: Lincoln, Washington, McKinley, Wilson, Roosevelt, Cleveland, Brigham Young.
4. What two great parties in American history have stood for patriotism and the American institutions? (Democratic and Republican.) Why?
5. Tell briefly the history of the Republican Party from the days of Washington to the present. (It is an outgrowth of the old Federal Party.)
6. Tell the history of the Democratic Party from the old Anti-Federal days to the present.
7. What does Patriotism Mean to you?

TWENTY

General Subject: "*Thrift Education.*"

See Government Bulletins.

SUGGESTED MUSIC FOR THE SUMMER PROGRAMS

"Five Church Leaders"

Hymns: "Arise, O Glorious Zion," "Beautiful Zion for Me," "How Firm a Foundation," "O, Say What is Truth," "Go, Ye Messengers of Glory," by John Taylor; "The Seer," by John Taylor; "A Poor Wayfaring man of Grief," "Ye Elders of Israel," "High on the Mountain Top," "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," "Do What is Right."

Solos: "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," "A Dream of Paradise," by Gray; "Spring," *Relief Society Song Book*; "The Lost Chord."

Mixed Quartet: "Loyal to the Truth and the Right."

Ladies' Trio: "Zion Prospers, All is Well," *Y. L. M. I. A. Song Book*.

Boys' Chorus: "On the Pioneer Trail We're Marching," *Y. M. M. I. A. Choruses*, Stephens.

"Peace Conference Problems"

Hymns: "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains," "We are Sowing," "Earth, with Her Ten Thousand Flowers."

Solos: "Friends," by J. Edwards; "Babylon," by Michael Watson; "Don't You Mind the Sorrows," by Eugene Cowles; "O, Ye Tears," *Relief Society Song Book*.

Male Quartet: "School thy Feelings."

Mixed Quartet: "Lead, Kindly Light."

Ladies' Quartet: "Sweet and Low."

Ladies' Trio: "Light and Truth," *Young Woman's Journal*, Oct., 1918.

Boys' Chorus: "Marching Song of the Utah National Guard," *Y. M. M. I. A. Choruses*, Stephens.

"Patriotism and Citizenship"

Hymns: "America," "Star Spangled Banner," "Love at Home," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Red, White, and Blue."

Boys' Choruses: "Utah, We Love Thee," *Y. M. M. I. A. Choruses*, Stephens; "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Ladies' Duet: "Make the Home Beautiful," *Young Woman's Journal*, March, 1918.

Ladies' Quartet: "Columbia's Fairest Star," *Y. L. M. I. A. Song Book*.

Solos: "Lovely Night," from "Tales of Hoffman;" "Lullaby," Erminie; "On the Road to Mandalay."

Solo and Chorus: "My Valley Home," *Young Woman's Journal*, December, 1918.

Male Quartet: "At Home They are Praying for Me," *Y. M. M. I. A. Choruses*," Stephens.

PERSONAL HEALTH, HOME SANITATION AND HOME IMPROVEMENT MOVEMENT.

It is recommended that during the months of March, April and May, as members of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., we make a special effort in cleaning up our homes and beautifying our surroundings. Announcements in local newspapers, Sunday schools, ward meetings, moving picture houses, and other public gatherings, should be made to stimulate this work. An able and energetic joint committee should be appointed to organize the work, and carry out these suggestions, applying them to local conditions. The *Improvement Era* and the *Young Woman's Journal* will be pleased to receive photos taken "before and after," showing the improvements made.

Last Week in March

Name a day or days during this week when your stake or ward shall:

1. Clean up corrals and outhouses.
2. Mend and build fences around homes.
3. Gravel and improve walks and streets.

Second Week in April

Name days during this week to:

1. Paint homes, barns, fences, etc.,
2. Whitewash chicken coops, etc.

Arbor Day

The M. I. A. are requested to co-operate with civic and school authorities in making this a successful day. Every M. I. A. member is requested to plant a tree in honor of the late President Joseph F. Smith. Hardwood trees are suggested.

First Week in May

This week devote to making the immediate surroundings of the home beautiful by:

1. Planting flowers, shrubs, etc.
2. Making or renovating lawns, etc.

Contests within the wards or among the wards of any stake, may be helpful.

Make reports at the weekly meetings, on the progress of the work.

"REMINDER" CARDS

We suggest that a card containing the following health reminders, be placed in every home, where all interested may easily read it:

"Cleanliness is Next to Godliness"

For the public good and to promote personal health, observe the following rules:

1. Keep the body clean by frequent bathing.
2. Have your teeth examined at least once every six months by a competent dentist. Baby teeth need careful attention. A clean tooth cannot decay.

3. Breathe only clean, fresh air, both in sleeping and waking hours.
4. Swat the fly! And by keeping the premises free from refuse, especially manure, prevent the breeding of flies.
- Keep the house and surroundings in a sanitary condition, by inside cleaning and outside cleaning-up, at frequent intervals.
5. Do your full part in all community clean-up measures.
6. Comply strictly with all rules and regulations of the Board of Health, especially those requiring the prompt report and strict quarantine of contagious diseases.
7. Keep the Word of Wisdom.

*The General Boards of Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.,
Co-operating with the State Board of Health.*

FATHER AND SON'S OUTING

Under the leadership of the Y. M. M. I. A. provision will be made for father and son's outing to be taken some time during the summer. The place, date, and duration of the outing, to be left to each stake. Where it is thought advisable the ward, instead of the stake, unit may be used.

With proper preparation, giving announcement early, this event can be made one of the most pleasurable and profitable of the season. Have a vacation, do something different, get close to your boys, go out into the open country and play, sing, rest, and worship. Every father, son, every Y. M. M. I. A. officer, and bishop and boy should go. Keep away from resorts; it interferes with the camp social spirit. If possible, plan for at least three days in order that you may establish a regular camp. Avoid Sunday.

What to Take—Short Encampment

Each person: Two blankets or quilts, poncho or canvas, sweater or warm coat, extra pair of socks, four handkerchiefs, one towel, tooth brush, comb and brush, soap, metal plate, knife, fork, desert spoon, cup, haversack.

Sanitation

It is of the most vital importance to the health of campers that sanitary precautions be observed, not only for the present campers, but for the campers that may follow.

Special care should be exercised in the location and construction of a latrine and the disposal of garbage and other waste.

The safeguarding of the sanitation should be given over to a head inspector with one or more assistants, and every one in camp should be compelled to adhere to the rules.

Eats

If the camp is to be a success, assorted, plain, well-cooked meals served at regular intervals on clean dishes, must be provided. Choose for the job men and boys who know how to cook. Every one will stand a good chance of having a good time if you can keep their stomachs in working condition. Outlined menus can be found in the scout books and out-door camping books. Cut down in heavy foods, and use fruits and vegetables. The general tendency is to take too much food.

Program

Once it was thought that in order to have a good time while in the mountains, order and cleanliness should be left at home, but now we know these two are essential to a good time. Numbers can't be handled successfully without a regular program and with everybody willing to abhere

to it. The leaders must know what they are going to do every minute of the day. The following is suggested:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Arising time | 8. Period of rest |
| 2. Morning exercise | 9. Hikes and afternoon games |
| 3. Flag raising | 10. Preparation for supper |
| 4. Breakfast | 11. Inspection |
| 5. Camp committees' duties | 12. Games and camp-fire exercises |
| 6. Morning games, scout lessons | 13. Taps |
| 7. Noon hour and luncheon | |

At the camp-fire, don't preach. Have a good line of live stories, adventures, jokes, scout stunts, songs, for the occasion, instrumental music, etc., candy, peanuts. Arrange for these exercises and refreshments before leaving home.

For each ten men: One dish pan, one water bucket, two large frying pans, two granite sauce pans, holding at least six quarts, tents for shelter, paper napkins, candles or flash lights, matches, two table spoons, can-opener, three dish towels, two dish cloths, shovel, pick, axe, wire and nails, butcher knife, two long-handled forks, laundry soap, two wash basins.

Efficiency Reports

Efficiency report from Pocatello stake for February shows membership five, class-work five, special activity ten, social work five, Scout work five, *Era* five, fund five, monthly stake and ward officers meetings ten, ward officers meeting ten.

For Woodruff stake, the monthly efficiency report for February shows membership five, class work ten, special activities five, social work five, monthly stake and ward officers meetings ten, and ward officers meetings five.

For Tintic, the February report shows: membership ten, class work ten, special activities ten, scout work ten, social work five, *Era* five, fund five, monthly war and stake officers meetings five, ward officers meetings ten, four wards reporting.

From eight wards in Taylor stake, Canada, comes a very good showing, in all, but scout work, vocations, and monthly ward and stake officer's meetings. The wards are Welling, Barnwell, Magrath, Lethbridge, Raymond 1st and 2nd, Tabor, and Sterling.

Box Elder reports a good attendance and an enthusiastic spirit. The *Era* and fund will be up to the perfect standard, 10.

Considering the situation, these stakes have done remarkably well.

"Y. M. M. I. A. Choruses"

Professor S. B. Mitton, leader of the Logan Tabernacle choir, writes Evan Stephens about the music book, *Y. M. M. I. A. Choruses*:

"The little booklet is a boquet of musical and poetical flowers all of varied fragrance and color."

Bishop John Wells, writes to Evan Stephens:

"I acknowledge with many thanks your booklet containing *Y. M. M. I. A. Choruses*, and a special piece dedicated to the late President Joseph F. Smith, "Beyond the Veil." Both works are up to your usual standard of excellence, and I sincerely appreciate the inspiring music you have written, and which I love so well."

Send for a copy to the *Era*: only 45c, for 23 musical numbers.

PASSING EVENTS



A new L. D. S. chapel, at Brooklyn, N. Y., was dedicated by Elder Reed Smoot, of the Council of the Twelve, on Feb. 16, 1919.

The total American casualties in North Russia, up to the 13th of March, 1919, was four officers, 71 men killed in action; one officer, 18 men died of wounds; 36 men missing; two officers, 67 men died of disease, and 11 officers and 241 men were drowned.

Kurt Eisner, the Bavarian Premier, was murdered on February 12, by Count Arco-Valle, a nobleman and army officer. Civil war in that country was declared on the same date. The murder was a part of a reactionary campaign against the revolutionary government.

New Ward and Branch Organized—Merrill ward, Portneuf stake, was organized in February, 1919, with Parley Morris, bishop, whose address is McCammon, Idaho; and the Pingree Branch was also organized in the Blackfoot stake, with Ezra S. Buchanan, Presiding Elder, whose address is Pingree, Idaho.

Norwich Conference Reunion will be held in the Tenth ward amusement hall, Fourth South and Eighth East streets, Salt Lake City, on Friday evening, April 4, commencing at 8 o'clock sharp. A good program has been arranged, all former missionaries and saints of Norwich conference are cordially invited.—Fred L. W. Bennett.

The German Merchant ship fleet is to be turned over to the Allies in payment for food shipments. A monthly ration for Germany of 370,000 tons of food stuffs was fixed by the Allied commission and accepted by the German delegates. Germany expects that the Allies will provide a food supply until August 15, the earliest possible date that flour from this year's harvest can be counted upon.

Daylight Saving went into effect on Sunday morning, 2 o'clock, March 30, when every clock in the United States was turned one hour ahead, there to go on until the last Sunday in October, when the clocks will be turned back an hour. This changing the clocks is not a war measure, but a permanent law which will remain in force until Congress repeals it. The act is so generally satisfactory that it is hoped it may continue in force permanently.

Spanish Influenza broke out in different parts of Utah during March. In the counties of Cache, Morgan and Summit, there were many cases; Wasatch county held no meetings of any kind on Sunday, March 16, and many cases were reported there with some deaths. Granger, one of the towns of Salt Lake county, had as high as 186 cases during the week, March 9 to 16, and different parts of the state suffered considerably from this persistent disease.

Prince Utah, the baby elephant, born in Salt Lake City, April 29, 1918, died of hardening of the arteries, at his city home in Liberty Park, Salt Lake City, March 13, 1919. He was the only live elephant born in captivity. His hide will be stuffed and stretched over a frame, and the stuffed little elephant will be given a home in the new building which it is proposed soon to erect for the animals in Liberty Park, Salt Lake City. D. Stenzel, taxidermist, is in charge of the operation.

James Russell Lowell, was the most beloved of American writers. He was born on Washington's birthday, 1819, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and died August 12, 1891. His powers as a poet, a scholar, a critic, as well as a man of public interest are well recognized by the American public, and in many cities his 100th anniversary was celebrated. Among the British notables, who came to the United States, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mr. Lowell, was Sir John Gallsworthy, author of the remarkable play "Justice."

Bishop Joseph C. Bentley, of the Juarez stake of Zion, together with James E. Wheeten, counselor to the president of the stake, are prisoners of Villa's men, somewhere south of El Valle, Chihuahua, Mexico, according to information received by telegram from Juarez, Mexico. Elder Wheeten was in charge of the missionary work in the Juarez stake, and bishop Bentley went there during the week, March 9-15, to inspect the work being done by his men. He and Wheeten were made prisoners at Las Chuses, 26 miles south of El Valle, Mexico. Colonia Juarez was looted on Wednesday, March 12, by Villa's men who were under the command of Martin Lopez and Ramon Vega. As far as known, no one was harmed in Colonia Juarez.

The Utah Legislature, the thirteenth biennial session, closed at 10:48 o'clock, Monday evening, March 17, 1919. By actual time, the thirteenth session, which began on the 13th of January, and officially ended on the 13th of March, thus continued with stopped clock just four days 10 hours and 48 minutes over the time allotted by law for the legislative session. During these days, and the last ten days of the session, much important legislation was passed. The laws enacted on educational, public highway, and health subjects, will tend largely to place Utah in the front rank of states with up-to-date legislation on these particular subjects. The enactments pertaining to vocational education are said to have been particularly timely and important.

New Bishops.—The following changes took place during February, 1919: Grant Ward, Cottonwood stake, Lawrence Myers succeeded Thomas M. Warnock, address Murray No. 5, Utah. Helper Branch, Carbon stake, Claudius Brown succeeded Charles H. Sorenson, address same. Paris Second ward, Bear Lake stake, Morris D. Low succeeded James S. Poulson, address Paris, Idaho. Coalville ward, Summit stake, Charles E. Jones succeeded Franklin Pingree, address same. Ovid ward, Bear Lake stake, John T. Peterson succeeded J. Clarence Lindsay, address same. McCammon ward, Portneuf stake, Royal T. Hale succeeded Erban Green, address same. Maeser ward, Uintah stake, Joseph H. Bodily succeeded Byron O. Colton, address Vernal, Utah. Pleasant View ward, Utah stake, Ezra B. Walker succeeded George S. Taylor, address same. Crescent ward, Jordan stake, Arthur C. Morris succeeded William Fairbourn, address Sandy, R. F. D. No. 2, Utah.

Peter Matson, for many years a member of the presidency of the North Sanpete stake, and the first president of the Swedish mission which was made a separate mission in 1905, died at his home at Mount Pleasant, March 11, 1919, after a lingering illness. He was born in Horstofta, near Malmo, Sweden, March 3, 1851, embraced the gospel in 1864, labored three years in his native land as a missionary, came to Utah in 1873, in which year he married on July 28, Matilda Lijedahl of Malmo, Sweden, and made his home in Mount Pleasant. In 1885-87 he performed another mission to his native land, and also another in 1905, when he became the first president of the Swedish mission, returning in June, 1908. He served in the presidency of the Sanpete stakes from May, 1890, to September, 1914; as city councilman in Mount Pleasant one term, as county commissioner, as precinct justice, and in other offices civil and religious. A wife and

seven children survive him. In every position he occupied, he worked faithfully, and was ever devoted to the cause of truth.

Frederick W. Schoenfeld, an early German convert to the gospel, who was baptized a member of the Church by his brother Edward Schoenfeld, May 23, 1856, in the presence of the late Dr. Karl G. Maeser, died in December, and funeral services were held in the Pioneer stake hall, Tuesday, December 31, 1918. He was born February 14, 1831, in Eilenburg, near Leipzig, Germany, emigrated to Utah, April 10, 1864, crossing the plains by ox team and arrived in Salt Lake, September 15, 1864. He took an active part in Church affairs, was ordained bishop of the Brighton ward, went on a mission, in 1883, to Germany, where he presided from 1884 to June, 1888, at Bern, Switzerland. He was an effective missionary and made many friends. He was called in 1899, by President Woodruff to revise the Book of Mormon in German, and began the work, January 1, 1893, completing it a year later. He was ordained a Patriarch, March 13, 1912, having been released from the bishopric of the Brighton ward on the 10th. He was a sincere, kindly man, and an earnest Church worker.

Major-General Frederick J. Strong, commander of the 40th Division, visited Salt Lake City, on March 17, enroute to Camp Kearny, his former station, having arrived from France, March 3, after seven months with his division overseas, he will assume charge of Camp Kearny while the 40th Division is being mustered out of service. General Strong was enthusiastic in his praise of the 65th Artillery brigade, particularly the 145th artillery. Brigadier-General Young showed him Salt Lake City. Gen. Strong said, as reported in the daily press:

"We were sorry to lose the brigade when we arrived overseas, they were our best men and made remarkable records in all the training camps and on the target ranges. I understand that the 145th broke all records at their training grounds in France. You should feel immensely proud of their work, and I wish to compliment General Young, former commander of the 145th and later of the entire brigade, who is one of the finest soldiers I have ever met. Colonel William C. Webb, his successor, also made a fine impression among the military leaders by his able work."

President Woodrow Wilson, who sailed from Brest, France, on February 15, arrived in Boston, February 24, where he gave a speech to a large gathering of people, in which he stated that he had come back to report progress, and that he does not believe that the progress is going to stop short of the goal. The people are in the saddle in Europe, and they are going to see to it that if their present governments do not do their will, some other government shall. He stated that America is the hope of the world, and if America at this juncture were to fail the world, what would become of it? "If America does not justify the hope of the world, the results are unthinkable. All nations will be set up as hostile camps again, men at the peace conference will go home with their heads upon their breasts, knowing that they have failed." He said further that the arrangements of the present peace cannot stand a generation, unless they are guaranteed by the united forces of the civilized world. President Wilson left for Europe again just after the adjournment of Congress, March 4, to resume his work in the peace conference, arriving in France on the 13th of March, he having returned on the *George Washington*.

The cost of the war to Germany, was recently stated before the National Assembly, by Doctor Schiffer, the minister of finance. He declared that the war had cost 161,000,000,000 marks, that the financing had been reckless, and that an immediate loan of 25,300,000,000 marks must be raised.

The German Army is so far demobilized, that it consists at present only of 550,000 men. The Allies intend to limit the army of the Germans according

to decision of the Supreme Council, March 10, to 100,000 men with 4,000 officers. Arms and munitions to be reduced to the needs of that many men; all else to be destroyed. Disorders have occurred frequently during the month of March in various parts of Germany, particularly in Berlin, where the Spartacans, made an effort in the early part of the month to overthrow the government, but were finally subdued by the government troops after a great loss of life and the destruction of much property. Two hundred Spartacans were lined up against a wall, and shot one by one, on March 10. Uprisings of the Spartacans were also reported from Nuremberg, Bavaria, Gelsenkirchen, Westphalia, and several towns in the Rhur district. In order to maintain peace, it was reported on March 15, that the British and French soldiers, had penetrated further into the country, the French having occupied the corporate limits of Frankfurt.

Changes in the missions. It was announced by President Heber J. Grant on March 2, that Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve will relieve Elder George F. Richards, as President of the European mission, and will leave for Liverpool, about May 15.

It has also been announced, that Bishop Heber C. Iverson, of the Second Ward, Liberty Stake of Zion, is appointed to succeed Elder Melvin J. Ballard, as president of the Northwestern States Mission; and that Elder Joseph W. McMurrin, of the First Council of Seventy, will succeed Elder Joseph E. Robinson, as president of the California mission; and that, Elder Elias Wesley Smith, son of President Joseph F. Smith, and who was born in Laie, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, April 21, 1886, will succeed Elder Samuel E. Woolley, as president of the Hawaiian mission.

Elder Junius F. Wells, left on March 14, 1919, for Liverpool, to relieve Elder J. M. Sjodahl, as associate editor of the *Millennial Star*, and to assist the President of the Mission, having been called to this work by the First Presidency.

Other mission changes are contemplated, but had not been announced when this item was written. The *Era* for May, will contain further particulars of these brethren who have been called to these missionary labors.

The Sixty-fifth Congress ended March 4, with a 26-hour filibuster which ended only when the session itself closed. The *Independent* names some of the big things that Congress did:

Made two declarations of war—one against Germany and one against Austria-Hungary.

Raised by the enactment of a selective service act the largest army this country has ever known.

Passed appropriation bills—mostly for war purposes—totaling approximately \$57,000,000,000, the equivalent of \$570 for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Enacted the greatest tax law in parliamentary history, levying \$10,000,000,000 in two years. It authorized bond issues to the amount of \$22,000,000,000.

Appropriated \$2,884,000,000 to create an American merchant marine, the largest in the world.

Authorized the taking over of railroads and the telegraph and telephone systems of the nation as a war emergency.

Created an American military air service and launched an aerial postal service.

Passed the largest army appropriation bill—totaling \$12,000,000,000—any country ever adopted.

Placed on the statute books 300 public laws and forty-eight public resolutions.

Passed the resolution for a national prohibition amendment to the Constitution.

Defeated the woman suffrage amendment.

Conducted twenty-six congressional investigations.

There were many important measures that Congress failed to pass, among them being the Army, Navy, Agricultural, and General Deficiency bill; the latter for \$842,096,913, including \$750,000,000 for the railroad administration.

Bishop Ole H. Berg, for eleven years bishop of Provo First ward, one of the most active Church and civic workers in Utah county, and a member of the 12th legislature, died at his home in Provo, Utah, February 23, 1919. He was born at Frederickshald, Norway, September 12, 1840. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, when a young man, spent two years as a missionary in Denmark, then came to America, reaching Salt Lake City in October, 1866, driving an ox team across the plains. That same year he married Anna Neilsen, settled in Provo, where he has made his home ever since. In 1889, he was called on a mission to Norway, and served as president of the Christiania conference until 1891. Returning home that year, he continued his business as contractor and builder, and for more than twenty years, was actively engaged in the undertaking business, being associated the past fifteen years with his son Wyman. Elder Berg was a very active, civic and ecclesiastical worker, and was held in high esteem by all. At the time of his funeral, 27th of February, all the business houses of Provo closed in his honor during the funeral services in the stake tabernacle, from two to four o'clock. Doctor George H. Brimhall wrote the following eulogy of him:

"The call of death that summoned Bishop O. H. Berg to the great beyond has created a vacancy that can never be filled. It may be consistently said of him, 'There was but one O. H. Berg.' His individuality was of a type that defied duplication, and this sturdy single-selfness in his make-up forbade any camouflage of character.

"Through his purpose and proceedings he said to all the world: 'I am myself struggling to become my better self.' Along the trail of life he left the footprints of a man, a gentleman, a nobleman. His exit from the earthly existence retired a toiler from the ranks of industry; a scholar from the school of wide reading and extensive travel. When he stepped off, a lover of art left the platform. In his going there went forth from the home, a provider that kept the wolf of want ever away from the door, a husband whose fidelity was like the Rock of Ages, a father possessed of those rare qualities of parenthood which made of him a champion in the estimation of his daughters and a chosen comrade of his sons.

"In Church affairs there will be missed one whose consistency of conduct guided him safely between the dangers of fanaticism on the one hand, and skepticism on the other. His discretion never failed him, his faith never fled, nor did his religious fervor ever grow cold.

"Our civic commonwealth will miss one of its best citizens, the state has lost a strong builder; from the nation has departed a patriot and from humanity a friend.

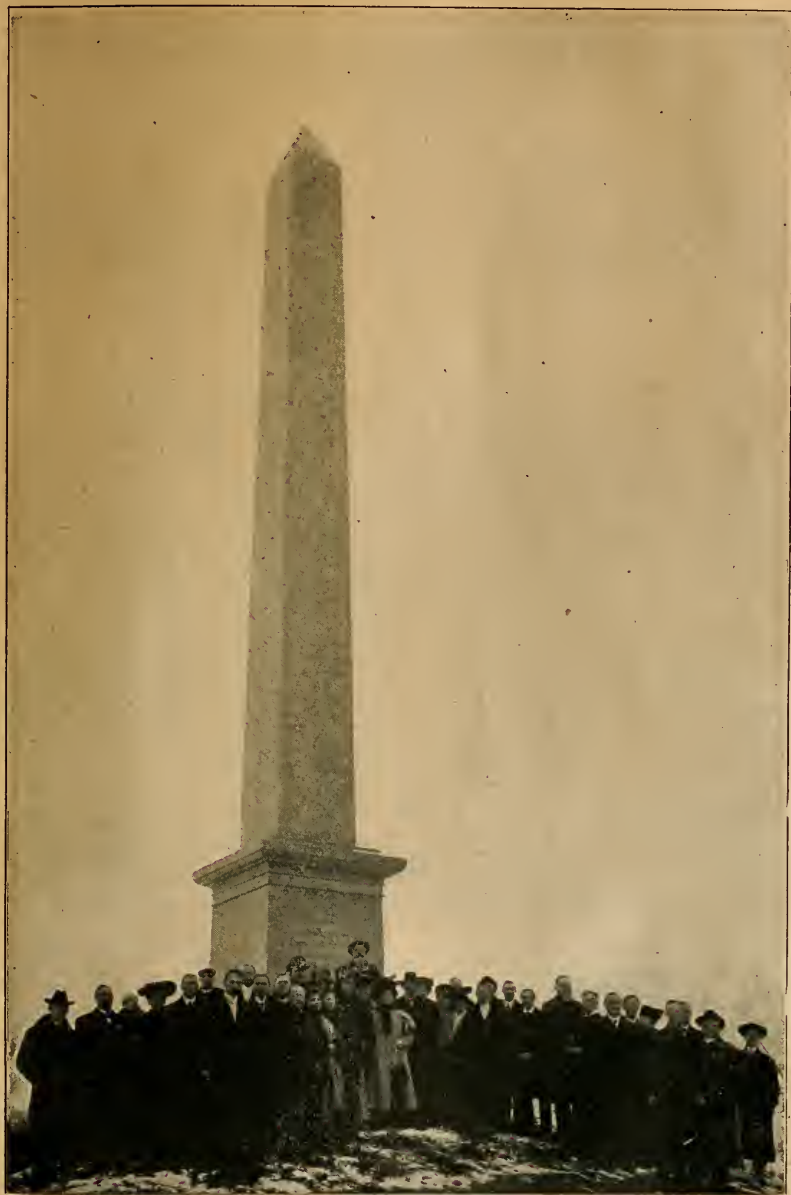
"He has gone; sadness lingers over his departure, and yet there is a sweetness in that sadness, a joy side to our sorrow. We are bereaved, but behind the cloud of grief there is the glow of his life and labors, a blaze so luminous and warm that none of us would call him back. His work is done. It finished well. He ripened sweet, and nature gathered him with gentle hands and passed him on to life and joys here unattainable."



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Improvement Era, April, 1919

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Heber J. Grant,	}	Editors	Edward H. Anderson, Business Mgr.
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